

# THEATRE MAGAZINE

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*From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg*

IRENE BORDONI

One of the main excuses for "Hitchy-Koo," and now showing her versatility as a comedienne in the Guitry farce "Sleeping Partners"



# THE TRAFFIC IN THEATRE TICKETS

*"The theatre managers of New York no longer fear the dramatic critic; it is the ticket speculator who makes or breaks our plays"*—WILLIAM A. BRADY.



EVERY now and then a great outcry goes up against the theatre ticket speculator—he of the leather lungs and colossal nerve who charges you \$5 and more for an orchestra seat listed at the box-office at \$2.50, and gets away with it.

For a while, it looks as if something might come of each fresh outburst of indignation against what everybody has long agreed to be a public nuisance. Theatregoers write wrathful letters to the newspapers complaining that they have been fleeced; the district attorney threatens to start proceedings; the ambitious legislator has introduced bills at Albany. The speculator impudently defends the practice on the ground that he must live, although no one can see the necessity. There is talk of a city ordinance being passed making it a misdemeanor to sell tickets above their face value. And then the hubbub dies down. The speculator continues to ply his merry trade, and Mr. Theatregoer continues to be the goat.

What are the plain, unvarnished facts?

The theatre manager posts at his box-office window a list of prices of admission: Orchestra seats \$2.50, plus ten per cent. war tax. You go to the box-office window and laying down \$5.50 in legal currency ask for two seats anywhere in the first twelve rows of the orchestra for that same evening. The box-office man informs you blandly—often curtly—that the best left is two in the third row in the balcony.



YOU reply that you don't care for the balcony, that you want the orchestra. You are not particular about going that same evening and inquire politely what you can get for the following evening, or the evening after that. The box-office man eyes you scornfully—as if pitying your naiveté—and snaps out "There is nothing to be had in the orchestra for six weeks to come, not even then."

The present writer had an experience of this kind recently at the — Theatre where a successful musical comedy is now being performed. There were no down-stairs seats to be had for any evening, he was told. Just as he was turning away, another man came forward, and explained hurriedly that all the orchestra seats thus far printed had been disposed of, but that if a check were mailed in, together with name and address, two orchestra seats would be sent from the next lot received. A friend of the writer also tried to buy two orchestra seats recently at the same theatre. He did not succeed—being told there were none—so, compelled to get the seats at any cost, having made a theatre engagement he could not cancel, he was forced to go to the ticket speculator. He got the seats, but he had to pay \$11 for them!

From all this, it would appear that the real heads of the theatrical business in this town are not the theatre managers, but the speculators. The manager says the price of admission to his theatre shall be \$2.50. The speculator says it shall be \$5—an increase of 100%.

Who are the speculators? They are a group

of men not connected in any way with the drama or art of acting, but credited with wielding great influence in political circles, who deal in theatre tickets as they would deal in frankfurters or sauerkraut if these commodities yielded a greater profit. They must not be confused with the hotel agencies, which charge a fee of 50c over the regular box-office price for a distinct service rendered.



SPECULATING in theatre tickets is almost as old as theatregoing itself. It began in this country with the advent of Edmund Kean, whose phenomenal success resulted in the price of theatre tickets soaring to fabulous heights. To-day it is not confined only to New York. Other cities—Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco—also suffer from the evil. Chicago is taking vigorous steps to cope with the nuisance, with every likelihood of success. For many years, the sidewalk speculators plied their trade under a city license, but the scandal grew to such proportions that finally the Board of Aldermen revoked the licenses, and a city ordinance was passed driving the speculator from the streets. But he was by no means squelched. He still had the goods to sell and the customers to buy. Instead of transacting business on the sidewalk, he opened in the heart of the theatre district luxurious offices fitted with a dozen telephones, and with a staff of clerks he now does a larger and more profitable business than ever.

How does the speculator get the tickets to sell, and why does the theatre manager permit men who have contributed neither capital nor brains to their enterprises, to participate in this way in the profits of their business?

There are many ways in which the speculators can get all the tickets they want. Some theatre managers, it is said, stand in with the speculators and hand them a big block of tickets before any are put on sale at the box-office, sharing the additional profits with the speculator. If this statement is true, it means that the manager, whoever he may be, is wilfully defrauding the public, for with one hand he advertises orchestra seats at \$2.50, and with the other takes the good seats out of the box-office before the general public is allowed a chance at them.

The best managers refuse to recognize the speculator. They have fought him repeatedly, and driven him away from their theatres. But they claim they are powerless to prevent him getting possession of tickets.



FOR example," said a leading manager the other day, "a play opens out of town and makes a hit. When the sale opens in New York, there is a line at the box-office a block long. The first man in line is, let us say, a Mr. Smith. We don't know him from Adam. We have no reason to suspect he is not a bona fide theatregoer. As a matter of fact he is an agent of the speculator. He asks for six seats and gets

them. Next in line is a well dressed woman—also an employee of the speculator. She asks for four seats and gets them. Then comes a messenger boy also in the pay of the speculator. He asks for four pairs and gets them. By the time the real theatre patron puts in an appearance, the best seats have been sold—to the speculator.

"If the speculator does not succeed in getting all he wants by this method he has other schemes up his sleeve. Once during the run of a very successful play, a well-known banker telephoned asking, as a favor, that we set aside six seats for him. The house was sold out every night, and seats were almost unobtainable. But I finally managed to secure three pairs together, and I sent them to the banker who mailed me his check for them. A few nights later a ticket speculator started to insult people just outside our front entrance. When the persons he accosted refused to pay his exorbitant demands, he'd exclaim sneeringly, 'I guess it's the Bowery you're wanta go ter—not a Broadway show.' I called a policeman and had the fellow arrested. Among the tickets found in his possession were the identical ones I had given to the banker. Unable to understand what it meant, I called up my friend and asked him to explain.

"It's none of your — business," he retorted. "I've a perfect right to give my tickets to whoever I choose. That fellow did me a good turn once." That's only one instance. My friend, the banker, got six seats. If you stop to think that there is practically no limit to what a hundred or more such regular patrons could get in the way of tickets 'to oblige a friend' you can readily see that the speculator has no difficulty in finding all he needs."



ARE the managers sincere in their professed hostility to the ticket speculator?

Some of them are, some of them are not. The only manager who ever gave practical proof of his sincerity, to the writer's knowledge, was the late Augustin Daly. In his day it was easier for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven than to enter Daly's Theatre if you happened to have bought your ticket not at the box-office, but from a sidewalk speculator. Managers say that Daly's method of fighting the nuisance was clumsy and old-fashioned, and would not be practical to-day when we live at so much faster a rate. But Daly, to his credit let it be said, managed to keep the speculator from his doors. If there were any theatre profits to be had, Daly did not have to divide them with the speculator.

The sincerity of the average producer is hardly vouched for by the following story, told of a well-known manager who one evening, in a fit of virtuous indignation, telephoned the captain of police in his precinct to send up and arrest three speculators who were "annoying people entering his theatre." The police came on the run, and seeing three men soliciting passersby to buy tickets, they took them by the collar. Instantly, the same manager who had





Edward Thayer Monroe

PEGGY HOPKINS

Formerly a Ziegfeld "Follies" beauty, and now playing the leading feminine rôle—that of a daring and independent rich girl—in "A Place in the Sun"

Moffett (Right)

WILLETTE KERSHAW

"The Crowded Hour" in Chicago has Miss Kershaw in the leading rôle—in New York, Jane Cowl is the star. Whether Miss Kershaw, who first scored a hit in the piece, should have played the part in New York, has caused much discussion in the press



Geisler & Andrews

CATHLEEN NESBITT

Who has proven that she is an able comedienne by her portrayal of the niece who practices a little diplomacy in "The Saving Grace"



S O M E T H E A T R I C A L S U C C E S S E S



telephoned the police rushed to their rescue: "Not these fellows!" he cried. "Those chaps!" he added, pointing to three other speculators in the crowd. The police had caught three speculators, but they were not the right ones!

To not a few managers, the speculator appears in the guise of a financial ally and backer whom they cannot afford to antagonize. Some speculators advance large sums to managers in return for ticket privileges—sometimes as high as \$40,000. That is to say, the speculator is willing to take a chance, on the report of the play's success out of town. Some managers also sell out their houses to speculators at so much a seat—whether they be big successes or only quasi-successes. Seats for the successes, of course, are re-sold by the speculator at high premium. The failures sell out at a greatly reduced rate, and these seats eventually find their way to the cut rate offices. Some managers prefer to make sure of a certain return on their capital than

run the risk of audiences getting slimmer every night or fading away altogether.

Managers handling more than one attraction also find the speculator useful. For instance, suppose a man has three shows—two making money and one a "frost." On consideration that the speculator booms the "frost" by recommending it to his customers, he is willing to give him a lot of tickets for the successful play. Who is humbugged and sandbagged by this arrangement? Mr. Theatregoer, as usual!

What is the remedy? State legislation. The theatres should be put under State control—control as to trafficking in theatre tickets and a certain measure of control as to the kind of entertainment that should be permitted on the public boards. We do not mean a censorship. It would be ridiculous to see rural legislators attempting to dictate to New Yorkers what sort of plays they should have. But there should be some kind of State control, not only to do

away with the ticket speculator, but to check the flood of meretricious shows which tend to corrupt public morals and serve no good purpose.

State control of the theatres is a difficult problem. Yet the leading theatre managers believe it is the only way to put a stop to the present abuses. This practice of trafficking in theatre tickets is antagonistic to American institutions. It favors the rich man at the expense of his poorer brother. It means that the individual with the fattest bank roll gets the best seat. You, Mr. Theatregoer, who live in New York all year round, have no chance whatever. You must be content with a seat in the back, where you can neither see nor hear, because Mr. Out-of-Town (who need not count his pennies when seeing New York once in his life) can afford to pay whatever the speculator demands.

It is not right. It is not a square deal. It is undemocratic and un-American. That's why the ticket speculator must go.

Since the above article was put in print, the New York Board of Aldermen, by a vote of fifty-eight to five, adopted on December 18th last, an ordinance regulating theatre ticket speculation. The ordinance provides that agencies selling theatre tickets must pay \$250 a year license and must not charge a purchaser more than fifty cents above the price stamped upon the theatre ticket at the box-office.

## WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO DO

By JAMES T. POWERS

*Printed by request of many who enjoyed the recitation in public of this amusing remedy for Kaiserism by the inimitable Mr. Powers.*



IF I were as young as I'd like to be, I'd like to take Miss Germany  
And roughly place her on my knee, and deal to her this recipe:

I'd oil her and boil her, foil her and soil her,  
Hew her and stew her, barbecue and ragout her,  
Then I'd fuddle her and muddle her, in putrid slime I'd puddle her,  
I'd crumble her and jumble her, smash her, win and humble her,  
I'd club her and drub her, snub her and scrub her,  
Hoot her and loot her, boot her and shoot her,  
Then I'd thunder her and plunder her, get busy pull asunder her,  
I'd whittle her and spittle her, with propaganda I'd belittle her,  
I'd whip her and rip her, trip her and slip her,  
Hate her, prostrate her, cremate her, then crate her,  
Then I'd heckle her and sheckle her, with shot and shell bespeckle her,  
I'd fester her and pester her, you're foolish to protest to her;  
I'd floor her and score her, and always ignore her,  
Quench her and stench her, forever intrench her,  
Saddle her and straddle her, with a paddle I'd skedaddle her,  
Mangle her and strangle her, from a million trees I'd dangle her,  
I'd dump her and bump her, stump her and thump her,  
Sock her and block her, shock her and hock her,  
Then I'd tussle her and bustle her, across the Rhine I'd hustle her,  
Puzzle her and guzzle her, with an iron cross I'd muzzle her,  
I'd flop her and chop her, forever we'll drop her,  
Mar her and scar her, feather and tar her,  
Wilter her and tilter her, stuff her, drain and filter her,  
Prickle her and stickle her, bottle up and pickle her,  
I'd jab her and stab her, grab her and crab her,  
Lam her and damn her, film her and flam her,  
Then I'd tackle her and shackle her, crackle her and hackle her,  
Unstable her, disable her, a fiend of Hell I'd label her;  
I'd guy her, belie her, decry her, defy her,  
Smut her and butt her, cut her and gut her,  
Then I'd crinkle her and wrinkle her, with gore I would besprinkle her,  
Trigger her and gigger her, with vigor I'd disfigure her,  
I'd plug her and slug her, tug her and drug her,  
Choke her and croak her, stroke her, then soak her,

Then I'd sicken her and stricken her, the Blood of France is thick in her,  
I'd cower her and scour her, her sins they will devour her,  
I'd bounce her and trounce her, renounce her and denounce her,  
Cleave her, aggrieve her, and never believe her;  
Fliver her and sliver her, from Yanks the Lord deliver her;  
Smelter her and welter her, pelter, helter, skelter her,  
I'd crack her and hack her, whack and attack her,  
Blame her and maim her, shame and defame her,  
I'd weary her and smeary her, enter her superior interior,  
German Kultur, Oh, my Dearier, they thought we were inferior,  
Damn them, they've stopped our Beerier.  
Then I'd slit her and split her, unfit her, commit her,  
She's a base hypocrite, we'll outwit her and twit her,  
Then I'd abolish her, demolish her, with stinking varnish polish her,  
I'd level her, dishevel her, for the Kaiser has bedeviled her,  
We'll fight her and bite her, excite and ignite her,  
Smite her and slight her, and then dynamite her;  
I'd lick her and kick her, she's a lunatic, sic her,  
Fill her with arsenic, the sooner, the quicker:

And see Germany flicker.

Then I'd spatter her and shatter her, the Yankee guns will batter her,  
Poor Russia, she bespattered her, with promises she flattered her,  
Now she's living on the fat of her.

I'd harrangue her and hang her, she's a lemon Meringuer,  
We'll change the name of our flag to the "Star-Spangled Banger,"  
Then we'll hound her and pound her, our troops will surround her,  
And after we've downed her, with grave-mounds all around her,

She'll die where we found her.

I'd doom her, entomb her, exhume her, consume her,  
With manure perfume her.

I'd deplete her, defeat her, no peace till we beat her,  
I'd blot her and squat her, boycott and garrote her,  
Whoever begot her, should have drowned when they found that the  
pup was a rotter;

I'd apprehend her, impend her, for her atrocities end her,  
Buy Bonds and we'll send her to Hell—with the Kaiser and all who'd  
defend her.





Claude Gillingwater, William Ingersoll, and Harry Davenport—  
"Three Wise Fools" in the play of that name at the Criterion



Walker Whiteside and Edyth Latimer in "The Little Brother"  
a play of racial and religious prejudices at the Belmont Theatre



Photos White

Norman Trevor

Cyril Harcourt

John Holliday

Peggy Hopkins

CYRIL HARCOURT'S NEW PLAY "A PLACE IN THE SUN" AT THE COMEDY

P L A Y S   A N D   P L A Y E R S



# MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

*Sensations of the month in opera and concert—  
Singers new and old at the Metropolitan*

By PIERRE V. R. KEY



**P**ERENIALLY there attaches to the start of a New York music season certain elements which form a basic part of the starting, and appear indispensable as motive power. No sooner do autumn winds blow from the trees their turning leaves than out of sequestered spots where they have summered issue the musical hosts.

They fare forth, blithesomely, to make in their throats an assortment of noises actually or resembling singing, or to attack with varying degrees of violence some instrument intended to give forth soothing sounds. Revivified by their vacations, and not a whit abashed, they chafe to hurl themselves upon a public which knows the onslaught is coming and doesn't care.

Each side is fresh from a long rest and welcomes the moment when the point of contact shall have been effectually made. There is a sputtering of preliminaries, a crackling of musical—and unmusical—sparks, and by mid-November another bit of fact is ready for the statisticians.

This is an undeviating procedure, so far as New York is concerned. In every year it never varies by so much as the proverbial hair's breadth.

First: the youthful contingent, rushing recklessly toward what oftentimes proves slaughter at the tip of the critical pen—unless the type-writer be the weapon the critic wields.

Second: the appearance of the older and usually more capable musicians; who deport themselves sedately, as they should.

Third: the symphony orchestras, an ensemble organization or two; then....

...the opera opening at the Metropolitan.



**T**HIS season adhered faithfully to the traditional groove. On both sides of the music fence the clans gathered early; and ever since there has risen a mounting crescendo of sound due to the increase in the numbers of those making it.

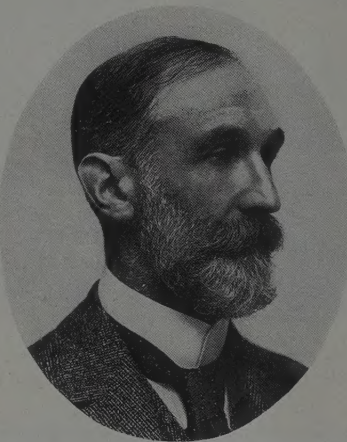
Fully started, the proceedings will not abate until the small boy gets out his pet tops and sister begins to think of the hammock on the verandah. The great, the near-great, and the never-to-become-either are with us. Heedless of the price of coal they have settled down for the winter. We are in for it and there is no possible escape. Our sole defense is through the medium of the printed word which shall permit us to express our feelings; wherefore, let them beware!

La Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris supplied one of the first palatable musical draughts for our quaffing. Neither New York nor any other American city had had that privilege before. A French warship brought to this country for its première visit the mother symphony orchestra of them all, which surprised in respect of desirable qualities the querulously inclined.

But the surprise was not immediately forthcoming; at least, not at the introductory concert, which had its setting within the red and gold walls of the Metropolitan Opera House. It was after the second appearance of La Société, also in the Metropolitan, that connoisseurs

were left in a desirably retrospective mood. By that time, a week after their arrival, the visiting musicians had got their land-legs back again. Also, there was the helpful factor of a fine program, which neither the preceding nor subsequent New York concert in the series of three given so completely provided.

The performance of Beethoven's seventh symphony will linger long in the memories of those



HENRI RABAUD

Distinguished French composer who has come here to conduct the Boston Symphony

who heard the Paris musicians play it. Credit for this achievement belongs not to the reading of the score by André Messager, who conducted. M. Messager, able composer and musician though he be, is not what we are wont to term a distinguished or exceptional orchestra leader. He was fortunate in having under him men who are the product of a single school. They moved together in unity of musical purpose: strings which, though lacking something in virility, were nevertheless the essence of tonal refinement; wood-winds that enabled us to understand why American orchestras import from France their best players for this section; and brasses that shed from their shining tips tones like lustrous gold.

We thought we had heard Debussy's "*L'Après-midi d'un Faun*," but it took the orchestra from the Paris Conservatoire to dispel this illusion. A distinguished institution is La Société; no wonder the French Government commands it to stay at home.

If in passing the southwest corner of the Metropolitan Opera House one chances to hear peculiar gurgling noises of satisfaction we can explain the possible whence and why thereof. These noises, it is pertinent to infer, may in all likelihood be dropping from the lips of no other than Giulio Gatti-Casazza, generalissimo of the Metropolitan forces now entrenched upon the line fronting Broadway toward the east.

Mr. Gatti is not given to visible (let alone audible) evidences of expressiveness. He is a restrained soul, inclining toward placidity not remote from the solemn mien. On a certain November evening, however, Mr. Gatti was seen to smile, which instantly roused our suspicions

that something benefiting the Metropolitan had happened; and so it had.

Rosa Ponselle was that "something"; Rosa, who is 22 and an American. Yes, and a dramatic soprano who calls to mind what a dramatic soprano should be at a time when most of us were beginning to wonder if such singers were becoming extinct. After attending Miss Ponselle's début we'll never allow anyone to hint again that Friday is an unlucky day. For on a Friday this Metropolitan recruit appeared for the first time anywhere in opera. As if to settle the issue for all time, she snatched and held success so conspicuously aloft that it might tend toward a piece of fiction if the circumstances were not incontrovertible matters of fact.

Whether or not Miss Ponselle discovered somewhere, and rubbed, the magic lamp of our ancient friend Aladdin we cannot say. If she were to confess to owning it the admission could occasion no greater surprise than the tale of her sudden transition from a vaudeville singer (which she was, no longer ago than a year) to a leading principal in the opera house which folk generally declare to be the first in the world.

Have you ever held between your fingers a piece of sheer velvet, and felt its indescribable smoothness? Well, that is the sort of feeling the ears get from Rosa Ponselle's voice. It drips tones of liquid velvet. And no matter what notes she sings—high or medium or low—the relative quality is always there. Experts would term her "scale" equalized, which means that the quality of every tone in all parts of the singer's compass is akin in quality to every other. It is pertinent to observe that this preservation of quality in a singer's voice ensues only when the tones are produced in a definite manner that constitutes correct mechanics of tone production.



**M**ORE than voice, however, and its skilful use Miss Ponselle has the singing talent. She feels instinctively the artistic way to mould a phrase, and she has temperament. "*La Forza del Destino*," the Verdi opera in which this American soprano made her début, has been death on the soprano attempting the rôle of Lenora no less than on most of the leading characters, who ultimately "go west" after wild and woolly episodes which make anything but drama and stretch into interminably dreary lengths. The opera is not Verdi's musical best, though some of the arias and concerted numbers for principals have the punch. Dragged from the shelf of disuse after a forty years' New York slumber, it is Rip Van Winkly in more ways than one.

But the public liked it; partly because it was made pictorially effective in the production the Metropolitan offered. Caruso, who sang with colossal art and vocal resource; de Luca, who closely approached the tenor, and Mardones and Rosa Ponselle, lifted matters to a desirable plane and kept them there. And now that one may speak of acting, Miss Ponselle made her audience feel that she had always been on the stage. No such début as the Connecticut soprano made has been a part of Metropolitan occurrences.



© Maurice Goldberg

# ROSA PONSELLE

The operatic sensation of the new season is undoubtedly this young soprano, who only a short time ago was a singer in vaudeville. In "La Forza del Destino" at the Metropolitan, she scored a phenomenal triumph



© Victor Georg

# THELMA GIVEN

Another American pupil of Professor Auer, who recently made her début at Carnegie Hall



Mishkin

# RAOUL VIDAS

Highly gifted young French violinist who has gained unusual success at his recent recitals



© Mishkin

# MARGARET ROMAINÉ

A graduate of New York musical comedy and the Paris Opéra Comique who has scored a hit at the Metropolitan

H I T S   O F   T H E   M O N T H   I N   M U S I C



for as far back as old inhabitants can remember. Her second effort even surpassed the first. Now everyone is wondering: Will she maintain the standard she has set, and will she make (as many contend she will) be one of the great artists of the day?

We have with us, and have heard in a piano-forte recital, the music of Serge Prokofieff and Prokofieff himself. After the deluge we came up for air and inquired of Mr. Clarke, usher-in-chief at Aeolian Hall, who had won. For a time it seemed as though the Russians had got a fresh supply of ammunition from somewhere and were starting an attack on the enemy, via New York. But it developed we were in error. What we mistook for howitzers and machine guns were no more than the noise of a piano-forte giving forth Prokofieff music under Prokofieff's fingers of steel.

He has the size and build and strength, this blond Russian giant, of a football guard. And in his country he is known as the "enfant terrible"; a music revolutionist, one of the triumvirate which includes Stravinsky, whose music we know, and Mysaskovsky, whose compositions form, so to speak, the shock troops of the futurist musical reserve.

Prokofieff is regarded by ultra-optimists as a genius, and perhaps he is. His music, however, recalls a story told by an amateur pianist who once played for a great author. When he had finished the author observed: "I know what that

was you played." Pleased into thinking he had gained the favor of his celebrated listener the amateur made a polite reply. "Yes," continued the author, "I know what that was; it was a h—l of a lot of noise!"

One gets noise when a Prokofieff piece of music happens to be the particular object of interpretative attention. It is not continuous, in the nature of things, for Prokofieff has a sense of musical proportion and values; of rhythms, which he garners and employs in endless combinations, and of notes that are woven into a musical fabric that is heavy, or light, as the composer's fancy wills. But in this fabric we discover little that has varied colors, little prompting us to put him down as more than interesting...but not too importantly important.

Noise (of a very different kind, by the way) which has been getting on many peoples' nerves is made by the corps de claqué over in the Metropolitan. Lord! what a racket they make; and often at the wrong place, so eager do they appear to do their "bit" for the deluded singers who foolishly pay for what deceives none. What the claqués need, like some of the Metropolitan performances, is more rehearsing.

Since the season's operatic start we have had—besides the two "Forza del Destino" presentations—a repertoire muchly varied; so much so that things now and again have sagged a bit, as things will when more is undertaken than can be accomplished with ease and comfort. The

high-water mark in the Metropolitan's seas up to this period of writing have come through "Le Prophète," "Samson et Delila," "L'Elisir d'Amore," "Marta" and "Forza del Destino." It is worthy of notice that Signor Caruso has appeared in each of these works.

"Aida," "Faust," "Tosca," "The Daughter of the Regiment," "Madama Butterfly" and "Il Trovatore" squeezed into the next artistic division, while four other operas were left, as it were, at the post.

This quartet consisted of the never-to-be-forgotten "Carmen" performance, in which Geraldine Farrar and Giulio Crimi, the new tenor, headed the onslaught upon poor Bizet; and "Boris Godounoff," that led Conductor Papi so merry a chase he never did catch up; likewise "Thais," twice given in a way to make us wish for ear-laps, and a "Bohème" that was as operatically Bohemianesque as any musical Bolshevik could ask.

Everyone, however, survived. Fortunately there was much to look upon of visually satisfying nature; and the Metropolitan atmosphere of distinction, with its social réclame, pulled some unscorched chestnuts out of the fire. Like the man accustomed to impeccable dinners, the Metropolitan opera connoisseur expects from this aristocratic institution the same superlative morsels with which in past years he has been generously fed; when their quantity diminishes he becomes peeved. (Concluded on page 52.)

## ROSTAND, GREAT FRENCH POET, DEAD



WHEN Edmond Rostand, the distinguished dramatic poet who died of pneumonia on December 2d, quitted Paris after his first world-renowned success, "Cyrano de Bergerac," he gave out not the true reason for his exile to a magnificent estate in the Pyrenees, conditions of his health, but said explicitly that he was leaving the Capital of Art in order to get out of the reach of importunate interviewers, lionizers, *et al.*

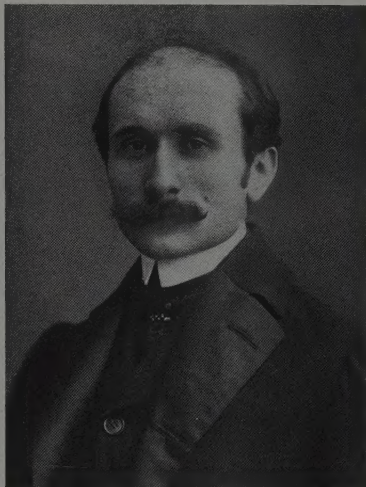
In other words he took a leaf from the book of the English Tennyson and intended to cultivate his talents in seclusion. There is all the difference of nationality, however, in the way the Englishman carried out his scheme of a cloistered life and the way the Frenchman did. At Cambo, if one ever got so far, there was always a welcome from Rostand who seemed, indeed, to be glad of an excuse to break his literary rule and become a delightful host. Americans who traveled thither were never turned away and often when they went to see Rostand as a mere passing traveler they ended by the poet's warm invitation by becoming for as long as they could stay the poet's guests.

Eccentric as the great French poet must have been, for everybody in Paris thus describes him, his eccentricity was purely Gallic. He wearied of his own society quickly and like a later Montaigne he went up to his ivory tower not to compose anything but himself—in slumber. A real French hermit is an inconceivable human and Rostand was not a hermit in any foreign sense.

He loved the sound of cities and only delicate health took him out of it. Because of his predilection for crowds, his *dramatis personæ* became the longest in modern times. The very *basse cour* had to be a thickly settled domain to attract him. Thus he filled a scene with cock and hen, pheasant and all the denizens of the farm yard when he set about the play which in the opinion of his countrymen gives him the surest claim to immortality "Chantecler."

The poet began his *magnum opus* shortly after he had arrived at Cambo and made the ac-

quaintance of his feathered friends. But he was seven years writing it and re-writing it and long before it reached a public, many of the circumstances attending its composition and pro-



THE LATE EDMOND ROSTAND

duction had won for him the reputation which he did not justly merit, that of an unreasonable eccentric. By its unwritten history, if by nothing else, the piece won him fame and money. The very rumor of it blew for the author a glorious bubble of reputation.

Younger than Balzac when he died, Rostand in his life and habit of work seemed the antithesis of the famous novelist. Work killed the one and rest the other, unless the seeds of disease were in the poet as he always said and probably believed. Born in Marseilles, he displayed little of the meridional Frenchman in his career but indeed his career is without precedent in the literature of France. Almost from the beginning his talents were recognized and

at twenty-nine when he produced "Cyrano de Bergerac" his fortune was made.

That play came as a reaction. Pieces in verse are not uncommon in France where they are accorded a respectful hearing but no reward, and the dramatists when Rostand began as author were frankly matter of fact and mercenary. Who would have dreamed that a five act drama in verse with a hero whom only *littérateurs* remembered, composed by a writer literally unknown (except to a circle of high brows and Sarah Bernhardt) would shove him at the age of twenty-nine into the close circle of the Immortals? But "Cyrano de Bergerac" is more than a poetic arrangement of a drama. It is drama understandable and to be understood at once by the public. He had not written one or two failures, including "La Samaritaine," without learning the playwright's trade. He had learned it thoroughly and meant to avoid by immense technic the pitfall of the study drama. Cyrano is delightful reading but it is meant for the stage.

Only a few years had passed since his first essay had failed at the Cluny. It must have been a complete failure for no enterprising manager in the encouragement of later triumphs has dared to put on "Le Gant Rouge" with a hope to score by these. Only a few years, as lives go, even in high literature, passed before the success of "L'Aiglon" dotted the "T" and crossed the "T" of Cyrano. Then came a long rest, a quiet study of barn yard life which produced "Chantecler." The victory of the much-heralded piece surprised even Rostand's idolaters; the French pronounce it the high mark of their intellectual history. It has never had an adequate representation in an English version although several excellent translations exist. Whether or not with an English speaking company comparable to that which Rostand himself demanded for his play in France, it would win from us the same applause as at home may be doubted. For "Chantecler" is a sort of French idiom, not to be easily acquired by other races.

WILLIS STEELL





*From a portrait by Geisler & Andrews*

## W I L D A   B E N N E T T

Who is one of the reasons why so many people want to see "The Girl Behind the Gun" at the New Amsterdam, made her first appearance on the stage as Conscience, in "Everywoman." Her first pronounced hit was in the title rôle of "The Only Girl."

Last season she appeared in "The Riviera Girl"



# THE MOST STRIKING EPISODE IN MY LIFE

*Well-known stage people relate what they consider their most exciting experiences*



## MY DEBUT WITH MAURICE

By Florence Walton



© Hill  
FLORENCE WALTON

THERE have been so many striking moments in my life that it is difficult to single out a particular incident, but the one which afforded me the greatest thrill was when Florenz Ziegfeld came to me with the surprise that Maurice wanted a partner. Did I think I could give an exhibition with him that evening?

You, who have never been before the footlights, cannot even imagine the courage it suggested. There was my chance for success, but, if I failed, I had lost this great opportunity.

I shall never forget the encouraging words of Maurice, "Don't be frightened, just follow me." It will ever remain a charming remembrance. I obeyed and I have followed him ever since, except the months he has been abroad with the Ambulance Red Cross Service during the war.

This incident was the beginning of whatever success that has come to me, and the attachment that followed ended as things do in novels. We were married and lived happily ever after. Soon we went to Europe and danced together in all of the capitals and Maurice introduced me to the fields where he had struggled as a boy and won the success of which he is proud. So from that happy moment we traveled and danced together, doing our part and if it has not been a great part, perhaps there is truth in the words of Robert Louis Stevenson: "There is no duty so much underestimated as the duty of being happy."

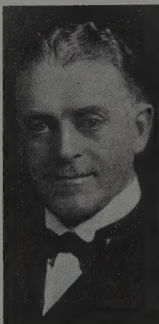


## IN THE DANGER ZONE

By Cyril Maude

A COWBOY in Colorado once tried to make me dance by shooting holes in the floor around my feet. That was a long time ago, before I went on the stage, when I had gone to Denver to try to recover my lost health.

That was an exciting minute—or two—for me, but I don't think my heart beat as fast that time as it did one day last summer when I was on my way to England on a transport under convoy. We were nearing the other side and were right in the middle of the danger zone. We had been sleeping—what sleeping we did—in our clothes and wearing our life belts all the time for several days and kindly fellow passengers who had been across before had been telling us interesting stories of their own and other people's experiences "right over there where you



CYRIL MAUDE

see that white cap." That sort of thing, you know. Very enlivening—in the circumstances. We had to be amused, of course, so there was speechmaking every day.

This particular day it was my turn. From the platform I could see the aeroplanes flying around overhead and on all sides the little submarine chasers were scurrying about. Every time an aeroplane made a swoop—and they did it frequently—my heart went right down into my boots and sometimes I thought it would never come up again. Oh, I spoke all right and someone told me afterward it was a good speech. I don't know myself. I recited something, too. What it was I haven't an idea.

Well, right in the middle of it all, I heard one of the lookouts up in front shout something and I saw a destroyer or something dash past and I saw an aeroplane swoop in the same direction.

No, there wasn't any submarine. But that was the time I thought my heart never, never would come up again out of my boots.



## MY FIRST HIT

By William Faversham

THE most significant moment of my career was on the night when Bronson Howard's play, "Aristocracy," was first produced by Charles Frohman in New York.

We had a splendid cast, but things did not go very well at rehearsals, so I threw up my part and decided to leave the stage forever. I even cabled a cousin of mine and secured a position in Calcutta, but Paul Arthur, a member of the company, to whom I confided my plans, urged me to reconsider my decision. We sat up half the night discussing the proposition. He called me a fool and said I was going to make the success of my life as Prince Emil in this play. When Charles Frohman heard my determination, he sent for me and the difficulties with the author which had started my dissatisfaction were patched up.

The following Monday night I made my appearance as Prince Emil, after having had no sleep for forty-eight hours, but I was young and lack of sleep did not mean much to me. Mr. Arthur was right. It was the first success of my life. I shall never forget that night. I think it must be something which every actor feels when he finds for the first time he has reached "there." I scarcely realized it at the time. I seemed to be dazed and the kind congratulations of the actors came as in a dream.

I left the theatre feeling very tired, with no particular ambition in life. I stepped into a cigar store to get something to smoke, and while I was lighting a cigarette, I heard some one quite near me say: "That young man is made for life. It's one of those rare first-night successes which sweep an actor to fame." Someone replied: "Yes, young Faversham—every



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WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

one will know his name to-morrow." It came as a sudden flash to me: I was a success. It was the significant moment of my career. I didn't seem tired any longer. I no longer thought of Calcutta. It was the stage only for me from that time on.



## MOUNTAINS AND DEBUTS

By Eleanor Painter

THERE are two moments in my life that each stand out so strikingly that I can hardly choose between them. At both times I was on the heights—of success, and a mountain respectively. I was the first and only woman to climb Mt. Engleberg, near Lucerne, the trail of which is terribly steep and perilous. The arrival at the summit, gazing down into great masses of swirling clouds where a few moments before I had seen the green tree tops, gave me the same feeling of almost painful elation and power that my first real theatrical success brought me.

Coming from a little town in the middle West—Davenport, Iowa, to be exact—some splendid-spirited people in Colorado Springs discovered I had a voice, one summer when I was fifteen and visiting that health-recovering city to regain strength after an illness. They pooled a "protégée fund" for me and after arrangement of greater and lesser details, sent me on to New York to study with one of the best singing teachers. Through their kind influences the position of soloist was offered in one of the New York cathedrals. That helped out a rather slender income.

I made my first operatic appearance scarcely more than a week after I was engaged by the Charlottensburgh Opera House. The arrangement is that the singers must first sing three operas successfully before the management will sign a contract. I was to sing "Butterfly," "Carmen," and "Mignon." I was very young, utterly inexperienced and my training had been quite insufficient. I came to the opera house without any make-up and when it was given to me I did not even know how to apply it. My costumes were partly home made, but I was undaunted by any of these things, for at that time I had nothing to lose and the world was before me.

After the first act, it seemed to me that the audience was most enthusiastic, but I had no idea that it was an enthusiasm at all out of the ordinary, though I was called before the curtain about eight times. However, at the end of the second act when the manager, the director and every one else in the world (it seemed to me) came over to me before the final curtain call and some one shoved a contract in my hand and told me to sign it, I felt the breath of fame upon my cheek. It was the first time they had ever offered the contract to anyone before singing the three trial operas. I shall never again feel the wine of success go to my head as I did that night—no matter what I may do to distinguish myself in the future.



Fairchild  
ELEANOR PAINTER





Photos White

Ben Hendricks and the Cameron Sisters in the musical comedy "Little Simplicity"



Edmund Lowe and Florence Reed in Channing Pollock's play "Roads of Destiny" at the Republic



Charles A. Stevenson and Doris Rankin in "Betty at Bay," a play now at the 39th Street Theatre, and which has met with success abroad



## IN THE SPOTLIGHT



Abbe

DOROTHY CUMMING

"more money." Presenting herself to the manager after the rehearsal she asked: "What does this mean?" "It means you will play the part Monday for what we are willing to pay you," was the retort. Miss Cumming swept out of the office, sailed next week for America, and secured an engagement with David Belasco in "Tiger! Tiger!"



CLARA MACKIN

CLARA MACKIN'S performance of the newspaper girl who brings unwelcome news to Leo Ditrichstein in "The Matinée Hero" is what may be termed "straight work." She was a reporter on a daily newspaper in Chicago before going to Europe as a student of music. Six years ago she made her professional debut in "The Quaker Girl." She appeared with the American Company in "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallington" and "The Fortune" in London. In "Sealed Orders" she played a season at the Drury Lane Theatre. She supported Irene Franklin in "The Melting of Molly" and Donald Brian in "Her Regiment"



White

WILLIAM KENT

WILLIAM KENT was discovered in a stock company by Arthur Hammerstein. His comedy is made up one-half of humor, one-half of an extraordinary suppleness and agility. New York admired him in "Ladies First," and is seeing him again in "Somebody's Sweetheart." He is of St. Louis, where he has been a favorite in stock companies



GUY FAVIERES

GUY FAVIERES, who plays the nearly injured husband in "Sleeping Partners," is one of the actors whom Bernhardt brought with her on her last dramatic tour of America. His Parisian unction displayed in the Guilty comedy is a natural possession, since he is of the once gayest, now most interesting, city in the world. He played the rôle of a French peasant with Jane Cowl in "Lilac Time." George Arliss had his excellent support as Talleyrand in "Hamilton"



# MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



SHUBERT. "THE BETROTHAL," in twelve scenes by Maurice Maeterlinck. Translation by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Produced on November 18 with this cast:

Tyltyl	Reggie Sheffield
The Fairy Berylune	
	Mrs. Jacques Martin
Milette	Boots Wooster
Belline	Winifred Lenihan
Jalline	Gladys George
Aimette	May Collins
Roselle	June Walker
Rosarelle	Flora Sheffield
Destiny	Maurice Cass
The Miser	Cecil Yapp
Light	Edith Wynne Matthison
Granny Tyl	Inda Palmer
Gaffer Tyl	Wallis Clark
The Great Ancestor	Augustin Duncan
The Great Peasant	H. J. Carvill
The Great Mendicant	Elwyn Eaton
The Rich Ancestor	Allen Thomas
The Sick Ancestor	Barry Macollum
The Drunken Ancestor	Claude Cooper
The Murderer Ancestor	
	Georges Du Bois
Tyltyl's Grandchild	Lillian Roth
Tyltyl's Great-Grandchild	Alice Owen
Tyltyl's Last Born	George Wolcott
Tyltyl's Littlest Child	Jane Thorp
Mummy Tyl	Ethel Brandon
Mytyl	Betty Hilburne
Daddy Tyl	Henry Travers
Neighbor Berlingot	
	Mrs. Jacques Martin
Joy	Sylvia Field

**B**ECAUSE Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," it does not follow that "Timon of Athens" and "Pericles" should call forth the same quota of praise as those two masterpieces. Nor do I think because "Pelleas and Melisande" and "Monna Vanna" came from Maeterlinck's pen, we should *per se* wax superlatively enthusiastic over "The Betrothal."

As a sequel to "The Blue Bird," it concerns Tyltyl's search for a wife under fairy auspices. For a proper selection he is conducted to the shades of his forbears, where from the original cave man progenitor—Adam is not represented—down to almost immediate times—he receives advice against mistakes of the past, an admirable scene, to my mind, the best of all in both picturesqueness and philosophical significance. Into the realms of his posterity he is also led to acquire from the unborn further biological advice in Eugenic principles. Of course, it is all a dream, and when he wakes up it is to find that his heart is truly fixed and on the sweetheart of his early childhood days.

To follow an original so rich in poetical content as "The Blue Bird," and on lines particularly similar is a

difficult task. Maeterlinck's work is agreeable. I can not find it in my heart to deal out higher praise. It's humor is negligible, its poetry thin, in that it faintly echoes the spirit that has gone before, robbing its scenes of the valuable element of novelty, while for its philosophy—that seemed to me limited to the continuous shrinking of Destiny, that always followed Tyltyl, symbolic of the fact that Man's will is superior to predestination.

As a producer, few equal Winthrop Ames in either enterprise or intelligence. Few, therefore, will criticise a production made in such an earnest spirit of poetical accomplishment. The scenery, a combination of hangings and practical stuff designed by Herman Paus, and executed by Unitt and Wickes, is finely rich, pictorial and appropriate. The plan by which earth and dreamland all figured in the same color scheme, makes for monotony, but technically the every value has been advanced for the enhancement of the piece. Appropriate music has been composed by Eric Delamater, which is well rendered by an augmented orchestra under the baton of Theodore Spiering.

It is a large and thoroughly drilled company which appears in this fantasy. The general rendering is one of all around efficiency, the flashes of brilliancy are rarely intermittent. The Tyltyl is played by Reggie Sheffield. The mere circumstance of situation does not permit of much variety. Mrs. Jacques Martin is distinctly commonplace as the Fairy Berylune, but Edith Wynne Matthison, with little to do save to pose and declaim a few speeches, brings her artistic skill to bear with telling grace. Gaffer Tyl is neatly sketched by Wallis Clark, and the Great Ancestor becomes a commanding and imposing figure at the hands of Augustin Duncan. His sister's pupils play minor roles with fresh enthusiasm, and dance with all their accustomed juvenile grace and abandon.

**BELMONT.** "THE LITTLE BROTHER" Play in three acts by Milton Goldsmith and Benedict James. Produced on November 25 with this cast:

Rabbi Elkan	Walker Whiteside
Father Petrovitch	Tyrone Power
George Lubin	Richard Dix
Shinovitch	Sam Sidman
Rube Samuels	William St. James
Mr. Vanderlinde	John Gomar

Marie Breschowska	Edyth Latimer
Bridget	Mary Malleson
Judith Elkan	Mabel Bunyea

**WOULD** heart of man believe it? There's a real play in town, a drama based on an idea and worked out to a logical conclusion. A logical finish, it would be more proper to say, in that the authors do not attempt the impossible by supplying a solution when there couldn't possibly be one. The new play is holding forth at the Belmont, with Walker Whiteside and Tyrone Power in the powerfully contrasted rôles of brothers. One an East Side Rabbi, the other a priest of the Russian Church; separated by one of the massacres at Kief, twenty years before the opening of the play, and brought together in a clash of racial and religious prejudices. The framework of this drama is articulated with ingenious and deft constructive ability, the dialogue is apt and free from theatrical banality, the interest is sustained and cumulative, the character drawing real and human. High praise? Yes, but altogether deserved, and I predict for the play a lengthy and profitable career; especially as it is acted in almost every rôle with fine skill and distinction.

In particular, Mr. Whiteside distinguishes himself as the gentle, generous Rabbi Elkan, wrapped up in the daughter who subsequently marries out of her faith. When he finds that the moving spirits in the Jewish pogrom at Kief were instigated by his long lost brother, his agony is complete. But his faith in the goodness of God and the humanity of man, restores his shattered faith. The gentle sweetness of the character is most graciously conveyed, and the soul's struggle indicated by a suggestion of tremendous inward emotion very telling in its freedom from theatrical artifice.

Tyrone Power is a commanding figure as the Priest. His gorgeous voice sounds to fine advantage, while the Rabbi's daughter is acted with convincing sincerity by Mabel Bunyea. Most amusing is Sam Sidman as a marriage broker, while John Gomar makes the negative rôle of Mr. Vanderlinde a real something by the genuineness of his personality and his refreshing diction.

**BELASCO.** "TIGER! TIGER!" Play in four acts by Edward Knoblock. Produced on November 12 with this cast:



Clive Couper, M.P.	Lionel Atwill
Freddie Staunton	O. P. Heggie
Stephen Greer	Wallace Erskine
Sam Tullidge	Whitford Kane
Bartlett	Thomas Loudon
Sally	Frances Starr
Evelyn Greer	Dorothy Cumming
Lizzie	Auriol Lee
Mrs. Wix	Daisy Belmore

FROM the point of view of stage-management, particularly in the matter of detail, and in the efficiency of its scenes, Mr. Belasco has never produced a play in which his skill was more manifest than in "Tiger! Tiger!" Miss Frances Starr showed an astonishing development of her resources, and was never more certain in her every movement, never more captivating in personality, never more firm in intellectual grasp than in "Tiger! Tiger!"

But it was all to no triumphant purpose—owing, absolutely, to the mismanagement of his own idea by Mr. Knoblock, of the play. Of course, he had some definite philosophy back of the extraordinary happenings shown, but that philosophy is subtle and obscure to a degree in spite of the symbolism of the marble bust of one who sleeps and must be awakened. The conclusion is a *non sequitur*, and in every way illogical and unsatisfactory.

A bachelor, member of the British Parliament, has an "affair" with a beautiful girl whom he picked up on the street. He cannot love another woman, suited to him in intellect and position. He, by accident, discovers that the beautiful animal whom he loves is a cook, renounces her, and presently—after two years of enjoyment of the animal—goes to the war and dies.

The girl, in the meanwhile, has married a carpenter who knows of her past, but also knows of her goodness of heart, and, no doubt, has in mind her goodness as a cook.

Now, in spite of all this, the play has captivating qualities, scene after scene, and incident after incident being executed with overwhelming nicety. The philosophy of the play—and there must be an honest one in it somewhere—is, at best, too remote from the actualities. The whole responsibility is with Mr. Knoblock, for he has this cad of a Member of the British Parliament awaken—after he is dead. He is dead to the action of the play the minute he goes to the front.

Part of the dialogue in the play gave offence to some auditors. The police complained about certain speeches in the opening scenes, and at the request of Magistrate McAdoo, Mr. Belasco consented to modify some of the lines.

#### PLYMOUTH. "HAMLET." Presented by the Shakespeare Playhouse on December 6 with this cast:

Claudius, King of Denmark	Chas. A. Stevenson
Hamlet	Walter Hampden
Polonius	Albert Bruning
Horatio	J. Harry Irvine
Laertes	Charles Webster
Rosencrantz	Mark Loebell
Osric	Vici Ioucelli
Marcellus	Jerome Colamor
Francisco	Maxwell Ryder
First Grave Digger	Alan Thomas
Second Grave Digger	Harry Sothern
Ghost of Hamlet's Father	Frank McEntee
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark	Mary Hall
Ophelia	Mabel Moore
Player Queen	Gloria Rollins

LET us be duly thankful. Only three months of the new theatrical season have waned, yet have we been privileged to see nearly a dozen different plays from the pen of the immortal Bard of Avon. To Messrs. Mantell and McEntee our grateful expressions of appreciation. From each camp was presented at least one production that deserved serious critical consideration.

At the Plymouth Theatre "Hamlet" was given at a series of Friday matinees, with Walter Hampden in the title rôle. In several quarters this well equipped actor has been hailed as the Shakespearean hope. He's even been likened to Forbes-Robertson. Nor Hercules from me is further removed, but Mr. Hampden's impersonation is a serious, earnest, intelligent rendering. The elocution is excellent, but the whole assumption lacks rhythmic grace, both physical and vocal. His presence is not princely, nor does he carry himself well. I do not regard that his composition is entirely consistent. Hamlet's vacillation was mental, not physical. Mr. Hampden's transitions are so abrupt that one wonders just what are the causes that stay him in the sweep for his revenge. Of humor, there's not a trace, a something which tells keenly against the effectiveness of those banteringly sarcastic scenes in which Polonius, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern figure.

In the Hamlet stakes, I should place Mr. Hampden in the running somewhere between Sothern and the late E. S. Willard.

#### 44TH STREET. "KING LEAR." Presented on November 18 with this cast:

Lear, King of England	Robert B. Mantell
Earl of Gloster	Frank Peters
Earl of Kent	Albert Barrett
Duke of Cornwall	John Wray
Edmund	John Burke
Duke of Albany	Henry Buckler
Curan	Franklin Salisbury

Duke of Burgundy	Abraham Ivory
King of France	John Fritz
Edgar	Fritz Leiber
Oswald	Edward Lewers
A Fool	Guy Lindsley
An Old Man	Edwin Foos
A Physician	Charles Warfield
A Herald	George Westlake
Goneril	Genevieve Reynolds
Regan	Marion Evensen
Cordelia	Genevieve Hamper

ANYONE who reads "King Lear," even if he be unfamiliar with the workings of the stage, must unconsciously visualize the tribulations of the aged monarch. To see them actually exhibited, the torrential outpourings of that strong-headed, much-abused King, his sufferings under the compelling force of an irresistible fate, is a privilege not often vouchsafed. Histrionic Titans, capable of coping with the rôle, are limited. Today Robert Mantell is the sole exponent of the part; and a noble, impressive rendering does he give. It is powerful and pathetic, instinct with the dignity of innate grandeur, heroic in scale and execution—in sum—an impersonation that puts Mantell among the roster of the great ones.

#### REPUBLIC. "ROADS OF DESTINY." Play by Channing Pollock, suggested by O. Henry's short story of the same title. Produced on November 27 with this cast:

David Marsh	Edmond Lowe
"Alec" Harley	Malcolm Williams
Ann Harley	Alma Belwin
Lewis Marsh	John Miltern
A Voice	Alma Kruger
Rosetta Clare	Florence Reed
Andrew McPherson	John Daly Murphy
Jennings	Claude Brooke
Tom Church	Edwin Walter
The Butler	Charles A. Sellon

I SHOULD describe "Roads of Destiny" as a first rate melodrama, rather than a subtle study of a great psychological problem. By this I do not mean that Channing Pollock was not capable of the latter, rather did he feel that the conventional was surer ground. Again I want to qualify. It is not a conventional play, its treatment is distinctly novel. Only its bases are familiar.

A theme with variations, suggested by O. Henry's story, is Mr. Pollock's drama, which contends that Fate is master of the man. That whether he turns East, North, West, or South, destiny leads him along her roads to the same end. To show this, the author, after a prologue, gives you the hero's experiences—firstly, if he had gone North; secondly, if he had turned East. An epilogue cinches his premises. All this sounds much more complicated than it really is, and for one I wish to thank Mr. Pollock for an evening that from beginning to



end held my perfect interest. His dialogue is clear and forcible. Some of the epigrams are most neatly turned. If I were to seriously criticize I'd say the humor was slightly forced, nor quite as fluent as might be desired.

It is the type of play in which actors revel. Miss Florence Reed, in its processes, plays three distinct types. Vividly picturesque in her rendering of the gambling decoy in the Alaskan episode while her interpretation of the same part, the woman who sacrifices herself for the man she loves, this time in a polite environment, her acting is marked by distinction and deep emotional power. As the deceived servant in the epilogue a big note of revenge is sounded by discreet but telling strokes. John Miltern does good, sound work of characterization in a trio of varying parts, and John Daly Murphy, similarly placed, achieves equally satisfactory results. Alma Belwin, with fewer dramatic opportunities, deserves high praise for the simple and refined methods she utilizes.

COMEDY. "A PLACE IN THE SUN." Play in four acts by Cyril Harcourt. Produced on November 28 with this cast:

Dick Blair	Norman Trevor
Rosie	Jane Cooper
A Farmer	Henry Crocker
Stuart Capel	John Halliday
Majorie Capel	Peggy Hopkins
Mrs. Moutrie	Merle Maddern
Arthur Blagden	Cyril Harcourt
Sir John Capel	George Fitzgerald
Parsons	Mr. Goodfellow
Agnes	Florence Fair

AS a bit of playcraft, Mr. Cyril Harcourt's, "A Place in the Sun," at the Comedy, is one of the cleverest achievements imaginable. That its theme, Caste, is something urgent, brought about by anything ominous in recent happenings, or that it is suggested to any approaching social revolution in England, is more or less preposterous. The story is much older than "Our Boys," or "Caste."

A farmer lad, with the literary faculty and habit of mind, breaks away from the dull fields, and, with his innocent little sister, comes to London and soon achieves distinction and independence. Little sister, rising with him in ambition and refinement, listens too confidingly to a young aristocrat who is playing the gentleman on his father's allowance, and is disinherited when the big brother demands the book, the priest, and the candle.

The daughter of the rich aristocrat, in love with the big brother, will right things in her own way, and goes to his house so as to be "compromised"—a bit of child's play with

fire not altogether new. The wastrel promises to become a man; the successful, brainy, and brawny literary man accepts the challenge of the aristocratic girl, and the play ends with happiness just around the corner.

It would seem a commonplace romance, but it is sparkling comedy, with honest sentiment in it, absolute common sense, while the characters are so individualized as to almost be new to the stage, not made over, but of today. The best type, the aristocratic youth, the idler, is not the best acted, but Mr. John Halliday does not fail to make the character effective. Mr. Norman Trevor, as big brother, carries the play, and Miss Peggy Hopkins, as the daring and independent rich girl, was equal to the unconventionality of the part; while Miss Jane Cooper, as the conventional injured innocence, was believable and not unduly pathetic. Miss Merle Maddern, as a philosophical woman of the world, supplied a potent widow's mite.

FRENCH THEATRE. It was a fitting tribute to a distinguished man in literature and international affairs that the French players at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier should recently have incorporated in one of their programmes a one-act play by Clemenceau, the Tiger of France. Originally produced at the Renaissance, "Le Voile du Bonheur" proved that the aged statesman not only knows his stagecraft, but combines with it a fine poetical appreciation. A Chinese drama "Le Voile du Bonheur," tells the story of a blind mandarin, who believes implicitly in the devotion of his wife, son and friends. A magic potion restores his eyesight, through which he finds that flagrant deceit has surrounded him on every side. Appalled at human treachery, he makes himself blind again to demonstrate the old adage that ignorance is a blissful state; and that the loss of vision is the only veil of happiness. But the pessimism of the fable is treated in such a strain of gentle melancholy that the profound impression produced, though sad, has a symbolic significance that lifts the whole scheme into the radius of true poetry.

It was admirably acted. That fine actor, Dullin, played the Mandarin with splendid variety and sweetness. His outburst at the revelation of the truth struck the real tragic note.

MOROSCO. "REMNNANT." Comedy in three acts by Dario Niccodemi and Michael Morton. Produced on November 19 with this cast:

Jules	Orrin Johnson
Tony	George Gaul
Alphonse	Etienne Girardot
Lougon	Ben R. Graham
Manon	Corinne Barker
Emilie	Dorothy Cheston
Maid	Marie Bruce
"Remnant"	Florence Nash

"REMNNANT" is not a war play. It is as remote from the trenches as "Paris in about 1840." The French railroad system was imperfect at the time, and a young engineer has a dream of fame and fortune in getting a commission to establish the needed system. He seeks and obtains the help of a cabinet minister. He is poor, of course, but he lives with a mistress, money-loving and nagging.

Conditions certainly are not favorable to happiness. Enter "Remnant," as she is known in the neighborhood. "Remnant" runs errands and picks up a living precariously, but honestly. She is a good, saucy, spunky, angel wherever she goes, doing good and talking good. She does not impress the mistress of the young civil engineer, but she does impress him; and when the mistress runs away, not willing to share his poverty any longer, what the play is to be about gets busy. There is not very much trouble encountered by "Remnant" in obtaining the happiness in life which she preaches. "Remnant" is an outspoken, and not a bit lackadaisical girl apostle of being good and doing good.

With Florence Nash as the little architect of her own fortune and the fortunes of everybody else concerned, the play is Florence Nash. The incidents furnish bits of acting for others, George Gaul, Etienne Girardot and Ben R. Graham being the principal beneficiaries. Orrin Johnson, of theatrical importance as a character, had no corresponding chance for distinction.

GEORGE M. COHAN. "BY PIGEON POST." Play in three acts by Austin Page. Produced on November 25 with this cast:

Blondel	St. Clair Bayfield
Laeken	Harrison Hunter
Captain Paul Chalfont	Jerome Patrick
Madame Chalfont	Ida Waterman
Major Pierre Vaudry	Vincent Serrano
Marie Latour	Phoebe Foster
Colonel Laroque	John Sainpolis
Margot Latour	Peggy O'Neil
General Delapierre	
	Frank Kemble Cooper
Orderly	John A. Higgins
Orderly	Hugo Schmedes

MR. AUSTIN PAGE has sought in his new play, "By Pigeon Post," to employ all distinctively modern incidents of war at the front so as to procure a melodrama of high explosive power. He just misses



being as thrilling as he intended to be.

The possibilities are there, but he could well set to work again and pull the action together. The effect of the pigeons is too momentary. There is too much of the display of the pigeons, and it is too obscure what they do, where—off stage—they go to, what they do after they get there, and, indeed, what comes of it when they flutter in again. The one effect that is a direct contribution of the war to melodrama is that of a captain who stumbles in suffering, apparently, from the effects of shell shock. Naturally, he is our old friend of surprises, thrills and sudden transformation who thwarts the spy and his confederate at the right moment by seeing and over-hearing everything, and jumping on the back of everything and bearing it down to the floor and handcuffs at the proper moment. Jerome Patrick did this grateful shamming:

The cast is worth the play. Phoebe Foster and Peggy O'Neil, and Frank Kemble Cooper and Harrison Rhodes, and Vincent Serrano being not less than twice as big as their opportunities.

**39TH STREET. "BETTY AT BAY."** Play in four acts by Jessie Porter. Produced on December 2 with this cast:

Betty	Doris Rankin
Baba	Laverna Ballard
Jimmy	Ben Grauer
Lucy	Margaret Lapsley
Geof	Harry Ward
Lady Muriel Naylor	Maud Andrew
Mrs. Devin	Alison Skipworth
Dick Fellows	Malcolm Mortimer
Adams	Clifford Southard
Styles	Marguerite Leonardi
Michael Hylton	Charles A. Stevenson
Sir Charles Fellows	J. H. Barnes
Smithers	Paula Luvon
Pennies Man	William Caryl

**T**HE war play, as it recently was, and as it is now, in passing, has shown a ready, a nimble, accommodation to the old and familiar material of the play-shop. A mere touch or echo of war, without the actual sound of a gun, makes a war play of it. It is not to be denied, either, that a certain novelty is achieved. "Betty at Bay" would have been just as much at bay in the profoundest times of peace as she is now at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre. But the war atmosphere is helpful, and there is ozone in it that the lover goes to the front.

A girl who loves to mother the children she meets in Kensington Gardens (where there is a little statue of Peter Pan) encounters there the son of a baronet; they pledge troth, and he runs away to

the hurley burley. She undertakes to reconcile the haughty father, who at first refuses to recognize her. She does subdue him; she wins him over completely when the news comes of his death in the service; and there is a real, model, happy ending when he pops in, safe and sound, at the ending. All this is truly amateurish in story, but the incidents are touching and amusing, while the technical execution of it and the acting are good. A war play with real sentiment, simple and familiar, is better than the wooden and artificial war play.

Doris Rankin is likable in herself, and because of her theatrical-family relationships. Then, too, the play has experienced players in J. H. Barnes (the baronet), Charles A. Stevenson (the lawyer), and Miss Alison Skipworth as an incidental schemer.

**44TH STREET ROOF. "HOORAY FOR THE GIRLS."** Musical comedy review in three acts. Book by Helen S. Woodruff, lyrics by Annelu Burns, music by Madelyn Sheppard. Produced on December 16 with this cast:

Flirty	Miss Hope Williams
Mrs. Grundy	Miss Abbie Morrison
Chaperone	Lucy Patterson
Gossip	Miss Grace Bristed
Mary Munnymad	Mrs. Donald F. Jenks
Gerald Grundy	Capt. Anson Clark
Lemuel Hangback	Lieut. Fairfax Burger
Mrs. Munnymad	Mr. James D. Leary
Society-Propriety	Miss Rachel Littleton
Flattery	Miss Katherine Van Ingen
Outspoken	Miss Rita Boker
Information	Miss Evelina Gleaves
Dr. Feegrab	Lieut. Frank Hale

*Dances by*

Miss Grace Crosman	Miss Dorothy Louise Norris
Monologist	Miss Beatrice Byrne
Ellen Semple	F. Clendennin
Eva Stewart	Genevieve Babbitt
Margaret White	Carol Read
Mary Lorillard	Polly Lincoln
Polly Lincoln	Harriett McKirn
Elizabeth Jackson	Kath. Van Ingen
Vera McNair	Rachel Littleton
Rita Boker	Genevieve Mangan
Marie Leary	Beatrice Byrne
Mary Le Marche	Sheila Byrne
Margaret Flint	Cynthia Baldwin
Rita Boker	Virginia Cross
Ruth Manierre	Marion Kerr
Van Metre	Helen Lee
Mary Strange	Elise Hughes
Eleanor Franke	Grace Bristed
Marion Carroll	one Williams
	Evelina Gleaves

**"HOORAY for the Girls,"** a musical comedy presented by the sub-bebs, debs, and super-debs of New York society for the benefit of the American Committee for Devastated France, proved that Uncle Sam has more to offer the stage than Father Knickerbocker.

While the soldier shows have crashed to success without any aid

or succor from the fair sex, "Hooray for the Girls" would have been like a dinner of dessert only, without the aid of Capt. Anson Clark, Mr. James D. Leary, Lieut. Frank Hale, and a large contingent from Pelham Bay, in spite of the chorus being worth, as one of the society columns put it, "at least \$20,000,000." It was a treat to see Florenz Ziegfeld in a box watching a beauty show that money couldn't buy.

"Hooray for the Girls" was written by Helen S. Woodruff, the lyrics by Annelu Burns, and the tuneful music by Madelyn Sheppard. Frank Smithson succeeded in staging an amateur production in a purely professional manner, and Silvio Hein volunteered his services to wield the baton. Mrs. Donald F. Jenks was a charming heroine, Grace Crosman, with a head like a Reynolds cherub, appeared in the chorus half a dozen times, besides doing a toe-dance and playing the harp, and Miss Beatrice Byrne, with much of Mrs. Castle's manner and grace, earned a genuine and prolonged triumph from the sisters, cousins and aunts in the audience who transferred the Golden Horseshoe from the Metropolitan to the 44th Street Roof during the week's run of "Hooray for the Girls."

**SELWYN. "THE CROWDED HOUR."** Play in four acts by Edgar Selwyn and Channing Pollock. Produced on November 22, with this cast:

Matt Wilde	Franklyn Ardell
Carley	Cyril Raymond
Vivian	Mabel Godding
Peggy Lawrence	Jane Cowl
Jackson	Jules Epailly
Grace Laidlaw	Christine Norman
Capt. Bert Caswell	Henry Stephenson
Dorothy Wayne	Rae Selwyn
General Dalton	George LeSoir
Billy Laidlaw	Orme Caldara
Merrick	John Black
Nevins	Edward Tierney
Davis	Sidney Hall
Wills	Burni Prevost
Grandmere Buvaize,	

	Mme. Michellette Burni
Jean	Henry Call
Pierre	Andy Aubrey
Marie	Mildred Call
Mignon	Antoinette Letienne
Capt. Rene Soulier	Georges Plateau
Marthe	Lina Alberta
A Veteran	Georges Deschaux
Lieut. Bailey	Harold Mullane
Lieut. Epstein	Harry Schwalbe
Lieut. Williams	Leslie L'Estrange
Lieut. Walcott	Cyril Raymond
A Poilu	Jules Epailly
Dr. Beauchamps	George LeSoir
General Dubois	Jules Epailly

**S**TARTING at the Ritz Carlton during one of the famous dances of the Sixty Club and ending in the trenches, "The Crowded Hour" is another war play—or is it the war play? (Concluded on page 52.)





Photos White

THE WOODCUTTER'S COTTAGE—SCENE I



Mrs. Jacques Martin as the  
Fairy Berylune



Tyltyl (Reggie Sheffield) and Destiny (Maurice Cass)



Betty Hilburne as Tyltyl's  
sister Mytyl



Edith Wynne Matthison as Light and Flora Sheffield, Gladys George, Boots Wooster,  
Winifred Lennihan, May Collins and June Walker as the Six Sweethearts

"THE BETROTHAL"—MAETERLINCK'S SEQUEL TO "THE BLUE BIRD"



# FOOLING AUDIENCES

*Mystification is often necessary to the author,  
but sometimes playwrights carry it too far*

By RICHARD BURTON



HOW far and in what way is a playwright justified in deceiving his audience as to the course of his stage story? Is it or is it not the best handling to let the auditor into a stage situation not perceived by one or more of the *dramatis personæ*? The theory is, that the looker-on, complimented, so to say, by his superior knowledge, gets his amusement in watching the ignorance of the characters involved in the plot and noting by what clever devices the author unfolds and smooths out the tangle. At least, this is an assumption traditionally in good repute, and often mentioned in treatises on stage art. Sarcey believed it and said so more than once; and William Archer passes on the idea.

And certainly one's own theatre experience points often to the same conclusion. Prevailing, it would appear—in those dramas which on the whole seem to be well-made, the *pièce bien faite* of the French masters—our pleasure is beyond doubt derived from an insight into some background facts hidden from the stage folk themselves. Such an able melodrama as "On Trial" would all but crumble to pieces were it not for the precedent understanding between playwright and spectators whereby the court room scene is made intelligible. The audience is made God-like in its independence of time and thus able to look into the motives, impulses and thoughts of the characters in such fashion as to become wiser in interpretation.

But there are some puzzling exceptions. "Seven Keys to Baldpate" dares to bamboozle the auditor until far into the drama. It is skilful dramaturgy to do this in a way not to offend those who look and listen. And in Bernstein's "The Thief," surely one of the ablest examples of technique in our day, and a play of great practical success, through the whole first act the audience is kept completely in the dark with regard to the true culprit; fooled so well that it is almost as if another play started with act second, and the unfolding of the character of the young wife.

These considerations were recurrent in my mind in witnessing "Three Faces East." I suppose this play may be called one of the early-season successes. Yet it so boldly and steadily mixes things up, that you are ever guessing Who's Who, and it does not straighten you out until almost the drop of the final curtain. It

refrains from those ingenious hints and veiled suggestions which more commonly give the man in the seat a happy sense of his Sherlock Holmes' powers, to be confirmed when the drama is done. It cheats you, from beginning to end. Now, you think the valet in the English house is a German spy; then he seems to be in the English service, and true-blue; and once again turns out to be an arch enemy.

Mr. Thomas's "The Copperhead" brings up a phase of the same question. Is it a better or worse play because the audience is not notified during the development of the piece of the true nature of the Union spy? Critics of the drama at the time made animadversions against it on this ground. On seeing it myself, it seemed to me they exaggerated, for there are such sign posts offered during the play's path, though I think the lettering is not bold enough. It can be said, however, that this veteran and able playwright chose to leave his auditors more in the dark than is conventionally common.

How may we reconcile these inconsistencies? Is the principle of taking the audience into the dramatist's confidence sound play-making? Or shall we call it merely a fine-spun professor theory not based upon actual theatre experience and experimentation? To all who desire to get some insight into the most difficult of the arts, dramatic composition, the query can not fail of stimulation.

Personally, I still think that, broadly speaking, a real law, founded upon human psychology underlies this information which the dramatist supplies to those who come to see his drama; it is not philosophic imagining at all, but a recognition of the peculiar state of mind common to mortals in a playhouse. And I am convinced that if you studied the best fifty plays of a century with this one matter in mind, it would be found that a decided majority of them obeyed this principle. "The Thief," for instance, fools us in the first act; if an equal amount of the unexpected turn of story were given us at or near the play's end, I feel certain it would be disastrous. It is largely a question of where, how and how much you deceive the people. The late Mr. Barnum made a lot of money by fooling them up to the psychological point where, had he fooled them some more, they would have been angry and neglected his museum. Let the deception be stimulating and

pleasant, let them guess, compare notes and be mystified to a degree, but not too abruptly, and all will be well. I suspect that even Mr. Thomas runs a risk and possibly has a less good play in "The Copperhead" than if he had made his hints plainer about which side his mysterious central figure was on—the north or the south. And I make bold to think that—exciting, pleasing melodrama though it be—"Three Faces East" would have been a better play with a longer stage life ahead of it, had it not been so unrestrained in its indulgence in character tangle.

The underlying principle of unity and clear direction are involved, than which nothing is more important to structural solidity. When the plot puzzle means knitted brows and an uneasy stirring in the seats, you are crossing the danger line. It has been pointed out that it is different when you read a story in a book, nobody objects to being surprised by a deception practised throughout a novel by Anna Katharine Green or Conan Doyle. And the reason is, that in fiction that is read there are not others present to observe your bewildered surprise; one objects to being fooled in company! And I believe the time element also comes in, in the rapid "two-hours traffic" of the stage, in its necessity to show a cross-section of human life, you lack time to readjust your mind and agreeably make a new start. These considerations go to explain a distinction which truly does exist between the stage story and the story read alone in your room.

If you fool your audience at all, then, Mr. Dramatist, do it homeopathically, and by preference as early as may be in the play; moreover, confine such fooling mostly to melodrama and in general plays of incident, external action and emphasis on plot. In the serious, psychologic drama such tricks hardly have a place. The logic of a serious play—serious, I mean, in its treatment of life—should involve an attitude on the part of the audience based upon this superior knowledge, which flowers into keen enjoyment and rare relish in the working out of the expected end.

Do not try to fool all the people all the time, in a theatre, anymore than outside it; one is as wrong as the other, and we have high authority for the notion that such a practice does not work in the world at large.

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## THEATRE THOUGHTS

By HAROLD SETON

Ruth St. Denis does not hang up her stockings at Christmas, because she does not wear any stockings.

Fred is a precious Stone.

Tom Wise has agreed to play Romeo if Marie Dressler will play Juliet.

Al Jolson has agreed to play Othello if Eva Tanguay will play Desdemona.

A representative of the National Cannery Association recently called upon Lillian Russell,

having heard that the famous beauty was "well preserved."

Julian Eltinge has agreed to play Antony—and Cleopatra.

Clare Kummer, author of "Good Gracious, Annabelle," is a cousin of William Gillette. But she has not yet written a "curtain razor."

Although DeWolf Hopper has had misunderstandings with various wives, he has always expressed a willingness to "kiss and make-up."

Florence Walton was taught to dance by the best dressmakers.

Paul Swan, the Most Beautiful Man in the World, lives in the Most Beautiful House in the World, eats the Most Beautiful Food in the World, and wears the Most Beautiful—No, that is wrong! He doesn't wear anything at all!

Alan Dale's initials, instead of being "A.D.," ought to be "B.C." As a matter of fact, I believe that they are!



#### EMILY LEA

One of the most delectable features of "Glorianna," at the Liberty Theatre, is the graceful dancing of this young artist, who has high stepped her way into the affections of Broadway



*From a photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston*



# PERSONALITY PICTURES

## No. 1: TAVIE BELGE

By NORA HARNEY



A SMART little figure is Miss Tavie Belge in her tailored street clothes. There is not the faintest flavor of stage about her. She is a person to be painted in daylight colors—azure and peach and gold. A sunshine-and-coldwater-and-bathtub's sort of person. A fresh-air-and-exercise girl. In the glare of noontime Broadway, she registers nineteen, and utterly without benefit of powderpuff.

We follow her down the alley and through John Cort's stage door. The electrician's wife and baby are coming out. Tavie greets the mother with an informal hello and instantly transfers to her own arms the pudgy baby, which leaves little moist, round kisses all over her face.

As we reach the dressing room we are convinced that Miss Belge is a friendly person with whom it doesn't take a lifetime to get acquainted. That she loves all conditions of human beings and prefers a real dog to a pampered peke. Also that the sceneshifter's tribute is as gratefully received as the graceful compliment of the connoisseur.

She gets many of these tributes. Judge for yourself:

On the opening night of "Fiddlers Three," Miss Belge found on her dressing table a small parcel wrapped in blue tissue paper. Light and soft and limp it was, altogether curiosity-piqueing. Opening it gingerly, Mamzelle beheld three long, shining pale-gold curls tied with ribbon. There was no message.



MILLE BELGE'S eyes Sherlocked over her chorus until it matched up those curls. Summoned for explanation, their owner blushed hard under her footlight rouge and studied the toe of her slipper.

"Well, you see, Miss Belge," she said, "you're a regular person, if you know what I mean. No airs, like. I wanted to give you something. But I didn't have much except my hair. I've got so awful much of that that it gets in my way sometimes—honest. It's the same color as yours. Maybe some day you could use it in some part or something. . . And so I cut off a coupla chunks. Keep 'em, please, Miss Belge, will you?"

Just before the curtain went up on that same first night, another gift appeared—a small, lumpy kewpie clad sumptuously in bunches of Belgian colers.

"Dearest Mille Belge," was penned upon the card. "Good luck to your American debut, and may all New York love you as much as does the little page who carries your train in the second act."

The kewpie hangs beside the mirror, showing luck from its proud red, orange and black streamers.

"And so," I opened brilliantly as Miss Belge began transforming herself into "Anina," the fiddlemaker's daughter, "you were born in Belgium?"

As she turned from the mirror to answer "Yes" I first caught The Look.

IT is the look of the Belgian refugee, the ghost of the Terror, the shadow that haunts the eyes of those who traveled the road to Rozendaal in the autumn of 1914. The terrible road beside which the old passed out of life and wee mites of humanity struggled into it, with



Fairchild  
Tavie Belge in "Fiddlers Three"

sod for bed and faggot torch for hearthfire. Where poor and rich lay down at night sharing a crust or a ragged blanket in fraternal thankfulness. . .

The dimple in Tavie's left cheek will never quite be able to banish The Look from her eyes. These eyes are big and blue and would be childlike in their interest in all things gay, were it not for something that has faintly saddened them and heaved their lids.

"Yes," she answered, "I am born in Antwerp. I was stage *bébé*. I play in the theatre wen I am seex. From seex to thirteen. My father was French, my mother Flemish. My whole family was—how you call?—artiste. They do something—music—paint—act—write. I always adore it, the acting. And to seeng—Ah! Always I go aroun' throwing out my beeg voice—boom—boom, like that! I am always—wat you call *roar*, an' mek believe I am opera star.

"Well—wen I am thirteen someone say, 'She can seeng; she mus' study very, very much.' But my mother she does not weesh me to be actress wen I grow up. She weesh me to be married lady and social—wat you call? *société* leaders. But I say no, I mus' be actress. Then she say I mus' either leave the stage or I mus' learn singing."

Tavie paused with a blob of cold cream on either forefinger and a very glossy dimple flashing as she laughed. "My mother, she did not think I would accep' that seenging! She thought I would leave the stage instead of work so hard at that singing. But I fool her. I say yes, I will learn seeng. . . . An' I learn!

"Wen I am seexteen I 'ave work so hard they make me prima donna of the Royal Opéra in Antwerp, w'ich is joke on my mother, yes?"

Mamzelle Tavie seemed hugely to relish the memory of the joke on Mother. Blithely she resumed her cold creaming and dimpling.

"So my mother she grow proud of me after all. Not only for my seenging but guess what?"

"What?" I blurbled, being a poor guesser.

"Cooking! *Everything*; not jus' the egg and the canned bean. I mek soup, the good soup—there is art in soup! An' I make roast and pudding and coffees—*everything*."

"An' I can sew. Look! I mek these blouse I had on. You like it? I was washing and ironing at home, wen you call on the telefon'."

I voiced a prodigious admiration for these varied arts, and eased the conversation back to the Royal Opera in Antwerp.

"And how long were you prima donna there?"

"Oh—years. I would still be there," she said, "if the German soldiers did not come through our country."



AFTER a few weeks Tavie's family was ordered by the Germans to return to Belgium. But Tavie's mother, mother-like, urged her daughter to go on—to London—to safety—away from the place of frightful possibilities.

By the time she reached London, hardships and terrors had worked deadly results. A hideous paralysis came. The voice went, and much dreadfulness happened. It seemed like the end of everything—certainly of art. But the others back home were expecting her to take care of them, so she fought illness and discouragement. And presently, after some months, she could move about again, and sing.

Came the siren call of New York, and Tavie answered.

John Cort signed her up for five years, retouched her name from Octavie Belloy to Tavie Belge, and put her to work rehearsing for "Fiddlers Three."

When the call boy hammered on the door, the Tavie who responded had miraculously altered from an eager child to a poised woman, a practiced prima donna with amiable self confidence and sure art. She even looked physically larger.

She flew to the footlights upon the wings of a big, resounding note, and a spatter of applause reached the dim space back stage. The little childlike Tavie had become the painted heroine within the painted world.

You can see her there any night. But you will have to go round back and catch her in her tailored suit and velvet tam if you want to see the real Tavie—the Tavie of the simple heart, the cheerful acceptance of life as it comes, the brave bearing of burdens and the frank delight at success.





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**MME. VAN DOREN**

Of the Théâtre Antoine in Paris, who is known for her work in "Les Oiseaux de Passage"



White

**LUCIENNE BOGAERT**

Formerly at the Odéon in Paris, became a member of the Vieux Colombier at the beginning of its first New York season



© Marcia Stein

**RENEE BOUQUET**

A new member of the troupe who plays ingenue and soubrette parts



© Marcia Stein

**VALENTINE TESSIER**

An original member of the Vieux Colombier in Paris, first engaged to play Grouchenka in "Les Frères Karamazov"



Marcia Stein

**JANE LORY**

Another one of the original members of the troupe first seen in soubrette parts and now doing clever work in character parts

AT THE FRENCH THEATRE DU VIEUX COLOMBIER



# STAR BACKGROUNDS

*The furnishings of an actor's dressing room an infallible clue to his work*

By LISLE BELL



THE interview is a highly versatile weapon. Its very survival—to say nothing of its present vigor—is sufficient proof of that. Otherwise, this type of intercourse might have begun to fall into disuse soon after Cleopatra's adroit audience with Cæsar, which assuredly epitomizes the art—if it be an art—at the zenith of finesse. But the interview has disclosed no sign of weakness, either then nor since, and it continues to-day in unabated violence, fostered on all sides but nourished most carefully of all by the acting profession, with the open connivance of the press.

Interviews with actors and actresses are the meat and drink of theatrical publicity. These encounters, so endless in their variations, happen in many places, but by far the greatest number of them occur in star dressing rooms. This is, of course, quite natural. These mysterious half-way houses between stage and street, about which the public knows so little and weaves so much, are the convenient—not to say the conventional—setting for a firmly entrenched and much overworked institution. It is always "Mr. Drew, seen in his dressing room after the matinée, said—" or "Billie Burke, between the acts in her dressing room, declared—."

Thus we read and re-read Mrs. Fiske on the featherless hat, or possibly Nazimova on the featherless bed. And all the while the dressing room, the scene of the encounter, remains modestly in the background—a mere shell and shelter—when it might be telling a story of its own.

Perhaps, if the dressing room were to assert itself, it could unfold a far pithier interview, one affording a keener insight into the life and habit of its occupant than reams of question-and-answer might disclose.

At any rate, here is where we send our card in to the dressing room—and not to its habitué. An unwavering gaze shall light upon the four corners of that tiny room in which the actor nightly immerses himself in his current rôle. Perspective is the goal. Taking a leaf from the portrait painter's notebook, we shall set a new emphasis on background. The painter uses it in massing the lights and shades of color; the interviewer may make it serve him in massing the lights and shades of character.

For it is in his dressing room that the actor is most prone to reveal himself with a certain unconscious significance. Even the room's conscious revelations have an unconscious significance. More often than not, the actor lives in a hotel, and never troubles to impress his per-

sonality upon rented walls, but he invariably lets his likes and dislikes, his little mental biases and all that they signify, creep into the furnishings of his dressing room. His home may be merely where he hangs up his hat; his dressing room is where he hangs up his wig. It is the cue to his mind.

Traditionally, of course, the decorative focus of the room is a large mirror, completely surrounded by electric lights and the actor's photographs of himself in favorite rôles. And one is supposed to picture the star not as holding the mirror up to nature, but as holding the mirror up to his own improvement upon nature. But the mirror is only the unavoidable utensil of a trade, after all. And so are the grease paints and the other compounds with which the ingenue obliterates the crow's-feet and the juvenile blots a dozen years off his countenance.

One must look to the subsidiary trappings of the room for a character index. And in truth, the range in ornamentation is altogether a matter of the individual—from the memento maximum to the make-up minimum, from the trinket-trove to the trinketless.

If you choose to start your investigations in the dressing room of Leo Ditrichstein, for example, you discover an unmistakable Greek attitude of mind toward decoration. You learn not how much—but how little, an actor may have about him, and still not lose the tone of individuality.

Your eye falls first upon a roguish and eminently furry cat, perched jauntily above one of the electric light globes—a handsome all-wool feline with green-glass eyes, presented to the star on the occasion of the opening of "The Phantom Rival" and now demanding no attention save an occasional grooming with a whisk-broom. It is Mr. Ditrichstein's boast that this cat has never crossed the stage, and never will—without assistance. Even its occasional grooming, if the whole truth must be told, is a task delegated to Mrs. Ditrichstein.

Then there are a pair of boot-irons, which the star picked up in London many years ago, and which have drawn on his boots preparatory to his entrance on the stage in many rôles. Mr. Ditrichstein believes in the psychology of the snug boot, that to have one's feet firmly incased is one of the fundamentals of personal ease in a personal art.

Hanging over the dressing table is the evitable monocle. Mr. Ditrichstein testifies that it belongs to his histrionic habiliments, but in his case it is certainly a companionable "prop," and

one that is indelibly merged in the star's stage personality.

In the dressing room of Otis Skinner, one is struck with a certain utilitarian orderliness—the tools of make-up arranged so, a small brass candlestick here, and a fascinating little rubber-incased clock there. This last is a highly serviceable piece, which the star can bounce into his trunk with no fear for the general health of the works.

What Mr. Skinner terms a "conventional pin-cushion" stands at his elbow. It has stood there for fifteen years, which is certainly a record for faithfulness in a pin-cushion. Nor is it one of those pin-cushions of scarlet to shame a tomato nor of yellow to shame a carrot; it is content to be drab and devoted.

Cyril Maude, being an Englishman away from home, has lent few touches to the dressing room at the Empire Theatre, but he is endowed with a dresser who functions as the chief ornament of the room. This dresser is a being who would do credit to any dressing room, and he looks after Cyril Maude with the assiduity of a Chinese physician. Previously he has been with a leading English race-track man and with the lord lieutenant of Dublin, so one may judge the scope of his capacity.

The paneled walls of Mr. Maude's dressing rooms at the Playhouse and the Haymarket in London became so decorated with the autographs of visitors that the actor had them removed to his home for preservation. And the smallest signature on one of the panels is that of King George. But this is getting far afield.

Carrying the interview to Grant Mitchell's dressing room, one finds the star of "A Tailor-Made Man" displaying a well-defined flair for the oriental. This does not mean that the actor who runs to a well-fitting dress suit on the stage runs to a mandarin coat in his dressing room, but in the minor embellishments one nevertheless discovers the eastern touches.

There are several teakwood boxes of curious inlay, and the hilt of a Japanese sword, intricately wrought, does duty as a paper weight. (Mr. Mitchell is free to admit that he is without interest in the snickersnee end of the sword.) And there is even a Chinese inscription upon the white wall, though whether this last is a laundry list or an oriental curse is impossible to state. Perhaps—not being conversant with Chinese music—it may be a melody in Q, for it looks very much like a banjo sounds. We merely suggest these things, of course. There are bounds of discretion, you see.

## BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

January 1—Lew Fields.  
January 6—Henry E. Dixey.  
January 8—Augustus Thomas.  
January 15—Alexandra Carlisle.  
Bruce McRae.

January 16—Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson.  
Alice Fischer.  
January 19—Minnie Dupree.  
January 21—Zelda Sears.  
January 22—Constance Collier.

January 23—Holbrook Blinn.  
January 28—Dorothy Donnelly.  
Julie Opp.  
Mary Boland.





White

Opera comique under discussion by William Wade Hinshaw, President of the Society of American Singers (seated right) Jacques Coini, artistic director of the company, and Richard Hageman, musical conductor (seated left). The Society is having a successful season at the Park Theatre



Campbell

**ADELINA O'CONNOR**  
The leading woman of the Fort Ontario Players, who recently played a benefit engagement at the 44th Street Roof Theatre, is also the bride of Col. H. D. Thomason, commanding officer of Fort Ontario



© Malcolm Arbuthnot

Our own Elsie Janis is delighting London audiences in the new revue "Hello, America." She sends the above picture of herself as a French boy in the piece, "with our best"



Percy Helton, who will be remembered by playgoers as the boy actor in "The Return of Peter Grimm" and "Young America," has for some time been in France as mounted scout with the 305th Field Artillery



# WHY ARE THEY ACTORS?

*They don't have to be, because they could be just as successful as anything else*

By ZOE BECKLEY



WAS it Doug. Fairbanks who said after the banquet: "Gee, fellers, I can't talk! As a speechmaker I'm a real good acrobat. Lemme climb up the front of the building instead, will yer?"

But Doug's versatility does not stop there. Like a lot of other stage folk he has several understudy occupations which would keep him out of the poorhouse if the footlights and the cinema flash were quenched. He was trained at the Boulder, Colorado, School of Mines for another sort of gold mining than the one he has struck. But they do say that he is making out well in the movies and probably has enough saved to get him back to the land of lodes and ledges if he had to find a new job.

Zelda Sears, comedienne, sees Mr. Fairbanks and goes him one better. Miss Sears has three trades, and works at them all successfully. She started out as a reporter for the Port Huron Times and did nice sob-stories. One of these was based on the experiences of a seven-dollar-a-week "super" in Sarah Bernhardt's production of Camille. The suping somehow got into the Sear's blood and newspaper work seemed tame. A few small "bits" came her way, but after all, she figured, New York's the place, and to New York she came, expecting that managers would be forming in line to engage her. They were not. And possessing a lusty appetite, Miss Sears opened a stenographic office in the heart of the theatre district, having picked up shorthand and typing in her newspaper days.



CAME Clyde Fitch with a fearsomely-scribbled manuscript. Miss Sears sat up nights deciphering and getting it into readable shape. "Any girl," said Mr. Fitch, receiving his neatly written typewritten copy, "with imagination enough to make out my handwriting has imagination enough to be an actress."

"Why, please, kind Sir, I *am* an actress," or words to that effect, said Miss Sears. "I'm only typing and stenogging because I cannot get a part."

"I'll give you one in this play."

And for eight years Zelda Sears's name appeared regularly upon programmes which set forth Clyde Fitch as author. At rehearsals she would take down his corrections in shorthand and re-type the parts for the company. Her three arts dovetailed beautifully and whenever the acting market got dull or a production flivvered, Zelda would dust off her typewriter and dash off a yarn. Her stories sell nowadays like flags at a peace celebration. A western syndicate is on record as ready to buy every story that comes from her well-oiled machine. So half the time she acts and half the time she writes, and there's still stenography left to keep her from starvation.

Among writer stage folk Miss Sears is by no means alone. Louise Closser began writing stories in the heyday of her dramatic career. Then she married Walter Hale who illustrated her novels and sketches. And gradually literary work instead of being an appendage, became the tail that wagged the dog. Louise

Closser Hale, writer, is now fully as well known as Louise Closser, actress.

And if "Peg-o-My-Heart" Taylor should choose to devote her talent to composing lines instead of interpreting them, publishers are ready and waiting. Her book "The Greatest of These"—written around her tour in the war zone entitles her to membership in the Authors' League and enables her to tell J. Hartley Manners that he isn't the only member of the family who can write, so there!



FLORENCE NASH whose very toes talk and make you laugh, has a volume of verse, "June Dusk" upon the market. Poetry may not pay as well as actressing. But *good* poetry has its price, and critics have praised Miss Nash's.

Of artists with pencil and brush there are many. Ann Murdock received honorable mention for two paintings, one in oil, one in water-color, in Philadelphia a few years ago but found the stage more interesting than the studio.

The same with that daintiest of comedienues, Lola Fisher who started as an art student and penetrated well into the lines of the professionals before she exchanged the palette for the stage make-up box. Even after she was established as an actress she made and sold to magazines a number of sketches of persons in her company, notably Lucille Watson and May Vokes. So if Arthur Hopkins lost his mind or something, and bade Lola begone, she could afford to "be calm, Camilla," with a side profession to fall back on. And of course it is almost too well known for comment that Clare Kummer whose rôles fit Miss Fisher like a Rue de la Paix gown is a successful song writer, skimming the golden cream from two arts with airy ease.

Lionel Barrymore had some pictures hung on the line in Paris, and as for brother John—well, before Jack Barrymore became the rising young actor he is, he had chosen Art for his profession. Mr. Barrymore had a perfectly good job cartooning on the *Evening Journal*, which he held down with satisfaction to all concerned until the day of the Paul Leicester Ford tragedy.

Arthur Brisbane wrote a big story on the killing of poor Ford by his crazed brother and directed that Barrymore do the picture to accompany it. The only problem was to find Barrymore.



SEARCHING parties raked his regular anchorage in vain; then the little, strange places, and finally he was brought to light. For some reason the sketch was done in crayon instead of ink, and appeared in the paper as just one large and cloudy blob. "You're fired!" enunciated the editor with great clearness. And John decided not to argue.

He still draws, however, and Mr. Hopkins' staging of "Redemption" began with Barrymore's suggestive sketches. The art room door of any newspaper would swing wide for John,

and there would be "Welcome" on the mat.

As for sister Ethel, few people beyond her intimate friends know how expertly Ethel Barrymore plays the piano. She herself admits that some concert singer would give her a chance as accompanist. Or failing that, she points out that good ivory-thumpers are at a premium in all sheet music shops. Ethel should worry if play-acting goes out of style!

Eleanor Painter, too, could make a tidy living as teacher of piano if anything froze up that glorious big voice of hers—which heaven forbid! She confesses that her early dreams were of teaching a kindergarten, and that if John Cort and all other managers turned against her, she would set up a kiddie school with a piano in the corner and defy the wolf and the rent-collector. "I'd have no benches, mind," she stipulates. "We'd all sit on the floor together so we could hug one another as much as we pleased."

Music was the career Mme. Nazimova had marked out for her. She was an infant prodigy at the violin. She studied at one of the imperial schools in Russia and was heard in many concerts as a child. She kept up her music study long after she heeded the call of the stage, and still fiddles with no mean skill.

Rather more prosaic was the past of Barney Bernard whose first mark was made as a salesman for one of those fly-by-night stores that are always "Selling Out at Stupendous Sacrifice" and exhorting the public to "Buy Now Before Too Late." Mr. Bernard's salesmanship remains a classic, and his old job is still open when he wants it.



LIKEWISE Shelley Hull's place behind the counter of the railway office, where he made his first polite bow to the public.

Raymond Hitchcock clerked in a shoe store at Auburn, N. Y., and made the place tremendously popular by joking with customers and being a *raconteur*. He also worked a whole year for John Wanamaker at his Philadelphia emporium and whoever said he lost his job because of a general disbelief in teetotalism is as wrong as was Mr. Hohenzollern when he remarked he could conquer the world. Nor was Mr. Hitchcock ever a barkeep despite the old story of the westerner in the theatre lobby:

"That chap," said the stranger to New York, "is a barkeep, I betcha," pointing to Mr. Hitchcock.

"Nonsense," corrected his friend, "Why, that's Raymond Hitchcock, one of the best comedians on the stage."

"Well, he's stewed all right. Lookit his hair all down in his eyes, an' the way he hollers an' everything."

"Aw, that's just his way! He never took a drop in his life; it's well known."

"Well, I'm goin' to change those tickets I just bought for to-morrow night instead. I want to see him when he's sober."

Up Boston way the machinery manufacturers who gave Donald Brian his first chance, say he was a durn' promisin' young feller, and like Hitchcock, he can go back to clerking whenever he so elects. Why he cavorted off into the





*Photos White*

HEDDA HOPPER AND LOLA FISHER IN  
"BE CALM, CAMILLA" AT THE BOOTH



FLORENCE NASH AND GEORGE GAUL  
IN "REMNANT" AT THE MOROSCO



FRANCES STARR AND LIONEL ATWILL  
IN "TIGER! TIGER!" AT THE BELASCO



FORREST ROBINSON, MADELINE DELMAR AND HENRY  
DUFFY IN "HOME AGAIN" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

T H E M A N A G E R S P R E S E N T—



singing and dancing business after two years solid training in gudgeons and chucking-lathes is to those manufacturers one of the riddles of the universe. Evidently Donald was a good gudger and chucker, and when comic opera palls, the cutter-bar awaits.

John Cumberland also began in an unobtrusive clerical way. There is a dark chapter in his life when he was cook in an owl lunch wagon. But this episode was brief—a mere flash in the pan. Still, he *can* cook and land sakes alive, cooking is a paying art!

By the way, did you know DeWolf Hopper is Joseph Choate's godson? And that while DeWolf was still wearing blue booties and embroidered slips Papa Hopper had a place all arranged in the Choate law office for little DeWolf as soon as he was big enough to hold a volume of Blackstone?

DeWolf got big enough pretty quick and was duly inducted into the study of law. For seven months he rastled with alibis, alimony, assignments, attachments, attestations, indemnities, torts and chanceries. He did his best, did DeWolf.

"You'll be fine as a court pleader, son," encouraged Lawyer Choate. "You look the part, and if—"

Young Mr. Hopper never heard the end of that sentence. The phrase "look the part" gave him a large and enthusiastic idea. From that moment he knew no law office was big enough to hold him. The word "part" set him in the right direction. \* \* \* Since then he has played many parts.

As for the beauteous Olive Thomas, everyone knows the Wall Street firm that employed her as telephone girl has never been the same since she left. They will even give her a raise if she will only come back and hang up her hat

and coat and lay hold of the switchboard cords again.

Judging from recent performances, one would guess that pixie-wixie-minx-of-a-Mitzi could earn a fat pay envelope as an acrobat any time her animal spirits overran the boundary of musical comedy. But she shakes a positive head:

"No—I've a regular trade to fall back on," says she with a Mitzi *move*. "In Buda Pesth I was taught fine sewing from the time my fingers could hold a needle. My thrifty Hungarian mother made sure I should know what she called 'one useful art.' So I had to hem and stitch and fell a seam and run a tuck and overcast and whip lace and measure a ruffle so it would be equally full all around, and—oh, everything!

"I have made many clothes that sold for real money at bazaars and exchanges. And look—I have made—these! Do they look home-made? No? Well, I'm glad you like them. I've often thought I would start a *lingerie* shop full of lovely homemades! Perhaps I shall too, when I'm too old to act!—though I'd *much* rather be a gambler."

Majorie Rambeau and Mamma Rambeau are milliners on the side. Their shop is in temporary obscurity, but is to blossom forth in the near future as a very enlarged and glorified shop indeed. Even Grandmamma Rambeau is to have a partnership. So that the Rambeau hat shop, like the Rambeau home, will be a three-generation family affair.

Fanny Brice also spends her spare time designing and selling *chapeaux*. You couldn't frighten Miss Brice by putting stagework among non-essential industries!

The stalwart Bruce McRae would be hailed upon any ranch in the universe with glad shouts and tossing of sombreros. McRae is none of

your amateur cowpunchers. He was for years a cattleman in Australia and, having learned surveying, was authorized by the government to lay out lands for settlers, which he did with neatness and despatch. He emigrated to Fort Laramie, Wyoming, and whooped 'er up when whooping was at its height at Laramie and points west. Nephew to Sir Charles Wyndham the distinguished English actor, and of Bronson Howard, American playwright, he chanced to meet Charles Frohman, and the production of "Thermidor" in 1891 marked his transition from cowpunching to playacting.

Robert Hilliard has two other trades besides acting, to keep him from applying to the charities. He once clerked in woolens, tradition says, then entered finance and was receiving teller in a banking house. Thence he vaulted into the brokerage business and brokered for ten fat years. So what does "the worst theatrical season in history" mean to Robert? Pish and tush!

Alexander Carr, son of a Rabbi, blew out of the West as a "lecturer" for the Kickapoo Medicine Company. He was the best ballyhoo the Kickapoos ever had, and when Mr. Carr was allured by a job as property man in a St. Paul theatre they had to be revived with their own tonics. He discovered he had a voice and could earn bigger wages as a ballad singer. Mr. Perlmutter-Carr has since found he had a still better line of goods and at last accounts was delivering them to a large list of satisfied customers.

A canvass of the leading stagefolk shows that most of them have several talents. And that they prefer to act because of the fundamental human desire to stir the emotions of their fellow beings and receive the deserved glad palm of triumph.

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## DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Women were formerly barred from the English theatres and entered it first by selling oranges?

Victor Herbert composes while standing at a high desk, like those used by old-fashioned bookkeepers? Also that his favorite instrument is the 'cello, which he formerly played in the orchestra before he exchanged the bow for the baton?

William A. Brady made a Shakespearian production and managed a prizefight the same night?

The greater number of the successful playwrights in America at the present time have been newspaper writers?

When the late E. A. Sothorn was asked for his opinion of the acting of his son, he replied: "poor Eddie, he is such a good boy, but he will never make an actor"?

The late Clyde Fitch wrote his manuscripts in pencil and then corrected and changed them in brilliantly colored inks?

Mathilde Cottrelly was at one time a singer in operetta?

The heirs of General Wallace are asking something like a half million dollars for the motion picture rights to "Ben Hur"?

Grace George frequently acts as "adviser" to her husband, Wm. A. Brady, and that she has

been the actual "discoverer" of much of the younger talent that has come to prominence under the Brady managerial banner?

Catherine Hayes was at one time Mrs. Jerusalem?

Rose Stahl made the bishop laugh, when he visited a convent to see an entertainment by the class of which she was a member, and thus discovered for the first time that she was a comedienne?

Madam Melba, when a girl, was such a cyclonic horseback rider, over the Australian ranges owned by her father that she was known among his employes as "Wild Nell"?

Leo Ditrichstein was so sickly when a boy that his mother, despairing of all physician's aid, listened to the advice of neighbors and took him to a witch, who pronounced incantations over his head, after which, strangely enough he began to gain in strength?

Henry Arthur Jones, the British playwright, was formerly a traveling salesman?

Marie Dressler was almost a "frizzle" at the rehearsals preceding her first New York appearance, whereupon the manager decided to "let her have her own way and do whatever she wanted to do"—which was exactly what she needed to make her the great laughing success that she has continued to be ever since?

The late Anna Held suggested her most popular song to the composer, when she said: "write something for me about my eyes, because you know, I just can't make my eyes behave"?

Although several of the older playwrights wrote as many as twelve or fifteen plays in one year, it is the opinion of Sir Arthur Pinero that one is enough in a twelve-months?

Fritz Kreisler believes that no woman has the physical strength to play some of the great violin works, notably the Brahms concerto?

The first "cradle" in which the late Richard Mansfield slept was improvised from a bureau drawer?

"The Little Devil of Opera" was a name given to Fritz Scheff by Paderewski and that it was later appropriated by all little musical comedy cutups?

"Fair and Warmer" has been played successfully in China?

William Farnum, when a leading man for the first time, really stabbed Olga Nethersole in the back in "Carmen," because the trick knife refused to work?

Rudolf Friml "canned" some of his compositions in a phonograph several years ago and then waited until there was a paying market before he put them down on paper?





*From a portrait, copyright, Strauss-Peyton*

G E N E V I E V E   H A M P E R

Robert Mantell in his classic repertoire at the 44th Street Theatre has a charming and sympathetic leading lady in his wife, who is seen here as Portia. Miss Hamper has also portrayed Cordelia, Juliet and other Shakespearian heroines



# A NIGHT WITH FARFARIELLO

Popular Bowery entertainer who  
impersonates local Italian types

By CARL VAN VECHTEN



ONE day, conversing with a young man who professes to know a great deal about the New York theatre I casually, and perhaps a little maliciously, let slip the name,



Eduardo Migliaccio (Farfariello) in  
one of his characterizations

Farfariello. Who is Farfariello? my friend enquired, not wholly to my surprise, for if a questionnaire in which: Who is Farfariello? was the key question, were put into the hands of an audience at a Belasco première probably not more than two people in the house would be able to make even a vague reply. I doubt, however, if there is a single Italian in New York—and are there not more Italians here than in Rome?—who would not genuflect before the name, the name behind which Eduardo Migliaccio has become *il re dei macchiettisti*.

Come with me on a Saturday or Sunday night, for Farfariello is not to be heard on every night of the week. We are in one of the delightful old Bowery theatres with its sweeping horse-shoe balcony and its orchestra sloping gracefully up to the orchestra circle, a charming old theatre of a kind in which it was possible for the audience to be as brilliant as the play; our theatres to-day are constructed on the principle that it is more important for the spectators to see the play than each other. The traditions

of the house have changed but its picturesque qualities have not been disturbed in the transformation. Now the theatre is filled with all sorts and conditions of men and women, working men in their shirt-sleeves, for it is summer, women with black hair parted over their oval olive faces suckling their babies, or with half-nude infants lying over their knees. Boys in white coats, with baskets of multi-colored pop and other forms of soda water, pass up and down the aisles, seeking customers, and you see mothers and children, young girls with their young men, grey-haired grandmothers tightly bound in thick black shawls in spite of the heat, sipping the red and pink and yellow pop through long straws directly from the bottles. In a box a corpulent gentleman fingers his watch chain stretched across his ample paunch. All this observed in the smoky half-light of the darkened theatre, for the performance going on is to the highest degree picturesque. George Bellows or Degas would begin to paint at once. A man and woman have just finished singing a duet from "The Count of Luxemburg" and have left the stage. Now, without a second's pause, a deft but coatless stage attendant slips past the proscenium arch and changes the placard of announcement on the easel. The new placard contains a single word:

## F A R F A R I E L L O .

Violent applause sweeps over the play-house and perhaps the babies howl a little louder. Then, as their mothers, in an effort to quiet them, rock them to and fro in their arms, the orchestra strikes up a tripping tune and Farfariello appears in evening clothes. He walks to the footlights and announces his first song, *Femmene-Fe*, a trifle about women, with a pretty refrain which he sings with a pleasant baritone voice. This unexpectedly commonplace beginning is one of the many subtleties of Farfariello's act. The song over, he leaves the stage; the applause is perfunctory; the crowd knows that it must allow its idol time to prepare himself for his first impersonation. The orchestra stops playing. Chatter simmers up through the smoky atmosphere; the babies are permitted to cry freely; the pop vendors pass back and forth. But the hubbub dies away as the orchestra begins a new tune. A transformed Farfariello enters; from hair to shoes he is a French concert-hall singer of the type familiar at Coney Island. He has transfigured his eyes; his nose is new; gesture, voice, all his powers, physical and mental, are moulded in a new metal. He shrieks his vapid ditty in raucous falsetto; he flicks his spangled skirt; he winks at the orchestra leader and shakes his buttocks; his bosom has become an enormous jelly. Again he has gone but soon the figure of an Italian patriot appears, a large florid person with heavy hair and mustache. Across his chest, over his shoulder, and ending in a sash at his hip, he wears the tricolor of Italy. Farfariello paints the man in action; he is forever marching in parades (the moment when he falls out of step always arouses a hot chill of appreciation in

me!); he is forever making speeches at banquets; he is forever shouting, *Viva Italia!* Like all good caricatures this is not only a comment on the thing itself, it is the thing itself. And as this portrait is essentially provincial it thereby passes easily into the universal apprehension. We all know this man in some guise or other. Farfariello goes on, singing, acting, impersonating. Perhaps next he is one of the Bersiglieri, perhaps a Spanish dancer, perhaps a funeral director, or a night-watchman, or an Italian nurse-girl. He may sing *Pasquale Basciamento*, *Rosalina*, *Patsy*, *Quanno Spusaie Francisco*, or *O Richiamato*, but always at the end he is the iceman. The applause grows wilder and wilder, the shouts more thunderous, as the half-hour of his appearance dwindles away, and sooner or later, mingled with the *bravos* are cries of "Iceman! Iceman!" this iceman who sings folk-songs of his native land to amuse his customers, who forget their empty ice-boxes while they watch him. Of all Farfariello's numbers this is the most popular and perhaps deservedly so for to his Italians it suggests both home and the adopted country.

More than any other interpreter before the public—if I except Yvette Guilbert—Farfariello has made his own material, created the stuff in which he works. This is his greatest claim to interest. Like a novelist he goes to the people themselves for his inspiration. His characters



Familiar figure of New York's Little Italy,  
as portrayed by Farfariello





© Straus-Peyton

IRENE FARBER

Who, with her sister, Constance, is supporting Al Jolson in the successful Winter Garden production "Sinbad"



© Hixon-Connelly

LENORA NOVASIO

Lending her grace and good looks to "The Rainbow Girl" on tour



Ira L. Hill

TULLE LINDAHL

The Danish dancer, who has appeared in recitals with Michio Itow, is now in the revue at the Palais Royal



Foley

GRACE KEESHON

The Winter Garden is known for its beautiful girls. Miss Keeshon can well be said to have added to the reputation of this popular playhouse, for she has been seen in several Winter Garden productions



are almost all of them typical Italian figures in America, not the Italians of Naples, Venice, or Rome, but the immigrant, the Italian as he behaves in his new environment under new conditions, in new occupations. Once having selected his model (or models, for often he combines the outstanding features of a dozen types) he writes his own songs, arranges his own gestures, designs his own costumes, and even makes his own wigs. This last detail amazed me when I learned of it. It would seem that Farfariello, without perhaps having heard of Gordon Craig, is exactly following out Craig's idea of the artist of the theatre who is to *be* and *do* every-

thing. All that remains for Farfariello is to paint his own scenery and write his own music! A practical reason dictated the wig making. He found that for each of his songs he would need a different wig and in his early days the price of wigs exceeded the weight in his purse. So he apprenticed himself to a wig maker and worked diligently at that trade all day while at night he sang in the old-time Bowery concert halls.

Eduardo Migliaccio was born thirty-eight years ago in the same small town in Southern Italy where Enrico Caruso was born seven years earlier. Coming to America twenty years ago

at the age of eighteen he went to work as a clerk in a bank.

Migliaccio had a voice and it seemed to him that he might make money more easily in a concert hall than in a bank.

And so the "*Rei dei Macchietisti*" began his professional career, in a small room behind a Bowery saloon, frequented by his compatriots. At first he sang Neapolitan folk and popular songs, imitating types he had observed in Southern Italy but, although he was successful from the beginning, he soon found that his audiences showed their wildest delight when he impersonated some local figure.

## NEW YORK HONORS EDWIN BOOTH



IN the silver haze of a November noon the art of the stage was honored by an event that was unique in New York. The first statue erected to an actor in the world's metropolis was unveiled in Gramercy Park. It was America's manner of knighting Edwin Booth.

It seemed to the half a thousand persons who had gathered from far and near corners of Manhattan to do reverence to the memory of the foremost American actor that the little enclosed green oblong was a spot of sentiment in a wilderness of commerce. It was a place where one pauses to remember, and is not interrupted in his recollections. The statue, life-size, stands conspicuously among the trees, their comrade yet dominating them. Almost directly across the street is the gracious gray facade of the house that was Edwin's Booth home and which he gave to his own profession.

The sculptor, who had won the competition among members of the Players' Club for the perpetuation in stone of the memory of its founder, reveals Booth in his gentlest mood. The head is mildly bowed. The features are relaxed in a meditative smile. The posture is that meditative one, in which he began the classic soliloquy as Hamlet. His daughter Edwina Booth Grossman, sat on a rustic seat at his feet. His grandson, Edwin Booth Grossman lifted his son, the actor's infant great grandson, in his arms, to look at the smiling bronze.

At a signal Guy Nims, the well-known and popular librarian of the Players who, when an actor, had played with Booth, drew aside the wrapping as a stage curtain parts. That moment the sun came forth, shone for an instant on the graceful bronze, and withdrew for the day.

Howard Kyle, Secretary of the Edwin Booth Memorial Committee, turning to John Drew, President of the Players, said:

"My dear Mr. President, it is with a sense of deep gratitude that we meet you at the base of this finished memorial, designed to perpetuate the memory of our common benefactor, a great actor, the enchantment of whose art is still an abiding inspiration in our lives. The committee, speaking for the united membership of the club, whose voluntary contributions have met the cost entailed, have the honor to ask that The Players now accept a clear title to this monument, free from encumbrance, and assume faithfully the duty of its care and preservation.

"Honored sir, on this the anniversary of his birth, the memorial to Edwin Booth is now ready to be unveiled."

Mr. Drew made reply:

"Mr. Secretary, from the poet to whose genius Edwin Booth dedicated his great powers of interpretation I may well take my cue to-day. You remember that line in 'The Merchant of

his own profession, but to the other arts, the monument was planned and made possible. Two players fashioned it. The bronze was modeled by the sculptor, Edmond T. Quinn. The pedestal was designed by the architect, Edwin S. Dodge. And that it stands now, amid these trees upon which Booth loved to gaze from the windows of his home yonder, is due to the courteous co-operation of the trustees of Gramercy Park, who have sympathized with our project from its beginning.

"An immense good will, my friends, has carried the project to its successful completion. I speak it with feeling. It is as the gift of a company of loyal, loving hearts that I accept, on behalf of the Players, this statue of the noblest Hamlet the American stage has ever produced, our leader and our friend."

John B. Pine's rejoinder was: "The trustees of the park for themselves and those whom they

represent cordially welcome the distinguished guest you have brought us and we congratulate you upon the accomplishment of your long cherished wish in the erection of this statue of the great player who for so many years made Gramercy Park his home."

Brander Matthews, said: "We may apply to Edwin Booth the praise given to Shakespeare as an actor by a contemporary: 'He was excellent in the quality he professed.' In founding the Players he built himself a monument more enduring than bronze; and now we have set up this enduring bronze, to stand here through the years, and to bear witness that he saw the Players well bestowed."

About the statue in admiring groups stood Robert Mantell, Oliver Dodd Byron, Bruce McRae, Louis Mann, Francis Wilson, Henry B. Stanford, Agnes Arden, widow of Edwin Arden and daughter of Thomas Keene, Daniel Frohman, Laura Burt, Mrs. Suzanne Westford Allen and Miss Laura Sedgwick Collins.



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Brander Matthews making an address at the unveiling of the Edwin Booth Memorial in Gramercy Park, New York

Venice,' 'Such harmony is in immortal souls.' Out of the immortal memory of Edwin Booth there has flowed the harmony to which we owe this statue, the harmony of many men, working steadily and devotedly together to do honor to his name. Amongst members of the Players, the club which he founded and gave not only to





Clara Tice's conception of  
Mme. Kalich as Lilla Olrik



Beatrice Allen

Bertha Kalich

Photos White

Mrs. Olrik dissuades Marie, the daughter of a rich banker, from accepting the attentions of Count Helsing



A. E. Anson

Bertha Kalich

Lilla begs the Count for her letters .



A. E. Anson

Bertha Kalich

Lilla strangles the Count and gets her  
letters just as her husband comes in

"THE RIDDLE: WOMAN"—A PLAY OF BIG DRAMATIC MOMENTS



# PLAYS MADE IN AMERICA

*Pre-revolutionary and other pieces by native authors now greatly prized by private collectors*

By CHARLTON ANDREWS



ONE significant consequence of the Great War has been the rise in popularity of the American play. Within the memory of most playgoers our metropolitan theatres were occupied almost exclusively by the foreign drama. Time was when producers like Daly and Charles Frohman scarcely dreamed of attempting the production of the work of our native playwrights.

However, since 1914 we have changed all that. Nowadays it is the foreign piece that is the exception. American authors by the score are turning out more or less creditable dramatic work, and no small part of it finds its way to the Paris and the London stage. Moreover, it is no longer considered *comme il faut* in writing books about the drama in general to leave a blank page to represent America's contribution to the literature of the stage.

And it must not be imagined that in the early days our country was unproductive in this regard. This fact was lately impressed upon me while I was examining the remarkable collection of native dramatic pieces which has been assembled by Dr. Fred W. Atkinson, president of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute.

It has not been many years now since Dr. Atkinson took over as the nucleus for this collection about a hundred and fifty printed plays gathered together by another enthusiast.



TO this group he has added from time to time until he now owns fully two thousand American plays, including tragedies, comedies, operas, melodramas, farces, dramatic poems, and other compositions that baffle all attempts at classification. And yet in spite of the large number of plays already in his possession, his "want list" is of almost equal length.

Of the plays now in the collection more than two hundred were published before 1830. Two hundred more dating from the same period are still being sought. Crude little pieces, most of them, no doubt; but real contributions, all of them, to a source from which a characteristic American literature is likely to spring, as well as mirrors held up to contemporary thought and life.

Writers on the American drama are fond of sagely informing us that the first American play was "The Prince of Parthia" by Thomas Godfrey. As a matter of fact, first place belongs to "Androborus," a farce written by Governor Hunter in collaboration with Lewis Morris, a native American and chief justice of the New York colony. It was declared to have been printed in 1714 at Monroplis, or "Fool's Town," which—oddly enough—was probably New York.

There appear to be more copies extant of the first edition of "Hamlet" than of "Androborus" of which, so far, but one specimen has been located. This copy, which at various times has belonged to Garrick, Kemble, and the Duke of Devonshire, is now the property of H. E. Huntington, of New York City. Apparently "Androborus" (the man-eater) was

not intended for stage production. It was an effectual satire on political conditions of the time, and it served to put a stop to the interference of the clergy of Trinity Parish in the government of the colony.



THE "Prince of Parthia" was the first play written and printed in America to be there acted by a professional company, and it was the first printed American tragedy. In Dr. Atkinson's collection, however, the Godfrey play is preceded by "The Prince and the Patriot," a "moral and divine" piece, written by "an American Gentleman," printed in London in 1756, and not intended to be acted.

"The Prince of Parthia" was played April 24, 1767, at the Southwark Theatre in Philadelphia. The only other play written in America to be produced on the professional stage before the Revolution was "The Conquest of Canada," by George Cockings. The latter piece was done at the same theatre in 1773. The author styled himself "Camillo Querno, Poet Laureate to Congress." In spite of this fact "The Conquest of Canada" obtained the honor of a second edition.

As for Godfrey's play, although it is a somewhat crude and bombastic imitation of Elizabethan classic tragedy, it possesses a well-constructed plot, vigorous action, consistent characters, steadily advancing interest, and occasional gleams of true poetry.

The next important item in the Atkinson collection is the tragedy, "Ponteach; or, The Savages of America," written in exceedingly blank verse by Major Robert Rogers, an Indian ranger, and printed in London in 1766. It deals with the wrongs of the American Indian, and it supplied Parkman with material for "The Conspiracy of Pontiac." Amateurs have whiled away a summer evening on Lake George with a production of this piece, but that seems to be about as far as anybody has ever ventured with it.

"The Disappointment; or The Force of Credulity," a comic opera dealing with buried pirate treasure, exists in the Atkinson collection only in the second edition; and as yet no copy of the first has been traced. One of its tunes is said to be *Yankee Doodle*, an air which is generally declared to have been composed during the Revolution.



WHO was America's first woman playwright? Quick as a flash the Atkinson catalogue answers, "Charlotte Lennox." While a resident of London she wrote "The Sister," which was acted at Convent Garden with an amusing epilogue by Goldsmith. We are also told that it was the first American play to be translated into German—though surely that fact should not be held against it.

More prolific as a dramatist was Mrs. Mercy Warren, sister of James Otis, the patriot. She wrote six plays, all but the first of which are

in Dr. Atkinson's library. "The Group" and "The Motley Assembly" are examples of dramatic satire. As for "The Blockheads," the collector doubts that Mrs. Warren wrote it. It is a retort to General Burgoyne's farce, "The Blockade," which was played in Faneuil Hall by British officers during the siege of Boston. Burgoyne had ridiculed our Continental Army, and the invective of "The Blockheads" must have been greatly relished by the victorious Yankees.

Plays of the Revolution are numerous, though none, perhaps, are so interesting as Royall Tyler's "The Contrast" (1787), which introduces the typical Yankee Jonathan. Its success inspired William Dunlap to inaugurate a new era in American playwriting. Dr. Atkinson owns an almost complete collection of the various editions of this author. In "The Father," by the way, there is the first reference in fiction to Tammany Hall.

Among the Nineteenth Century playwrights represented are John Howard Payne, seventeen of whose pieces have been here assembled. The author of another famous song, *The Old Oaken Bucket*—Samuel Woodworth—also contributes two plays. And then there are "Metamora," the first American prize play, by John Brougham, long the favorite vehicle of Edwin Forrest; Robert Montgomery Bird's "The Gladiator," played by Forrest and Robert Downing; Boker's "Francesca da Rimini"; and many other interesting items.



IN commenting on his interest in early native plays Dr. Atkinson explains, "American dramatic historians have dealt mainly with the actors and actresses, the theatres and managers, but the plays have received little consideration. And yet to the seeker in this neglected field there is bound to come a lasting satisfaction. One is stirred profoundly as he stands near the beginnings, however crude, of any art. And anyone who attempts to cover the whole range of our playwriting finds the foundation period the most stimulating to his enthusiasm."

There may not be a single powerful and significant play in the whole list. In fact, it must be admitted that there is little real drama and that the plays can hardly be accepted as literature, and yet from the point of view of social as well as literary history they are worth serious attention. For the student of American drama they give an opportunity for comparative study of the old American plays with the new, and provide the only means to determine America's actual contribution to dramatic art.

Besides the joy of knowing, there is the joy of collecting! Many of these early plays were thin books, issued without covers, and were hardly thought of sufficient interest by their owners to be bound. By the time they were published the habit of reading plays which was common to the English-speaking world as late as the days of Goldsmith and Sheridan had almost disappeared, the play being eclipsed by the novel. Rarely, therefore, were these old plays preserved in family libraries.





Charlotte Fairchild

The Misses Faithful, Sinclair, Bruce, Conway, Marlowe and Hall—a sextet of pretty chorus girls in "The Canary" at the Globe Theatre



White

Ivy Sawyer as Hilda and Joseph Santley as Bruce in "Oh, My Dear" at the Princess

no matter what happens  
the musical comedy is  
always with us. If in-  
fluenza keeps theatre-  
goers away from most  
of the playhouses, the  
musical comedy houses  
will display S. R. O.  
signs. If war dulls the  
spirit, the musical com-  
edy helps brighten folks  
,. If business is bad,

the t. b. m. can always  
find enough ready cash  
to see the latest show—  
which is, of course, for  
him, a musical one. "Oh,  
My Dear" and "The  
Canary" are two of the  
latest of this particular  
brand of Broadway of-  
fering to strike the pop-  
ular fancy

SHOWS RECOMMENDED TO THE T. B. M.



# REAL TRAGEDY OF THE STAGE

*Brief reign of glory and then a  
suicide's grave for footlight favorite*

By CHARLES BURNHAM



MANY old New Yorkers could no doubt if they ransack their memory, recall the incidents I am about to relate. I repeat the story which in the main was told to me by Lester Wallack, in one of those charming conversational moments, in which the great actor and most lovable of men recalled past incidents of the profession of which he was such a great leader and honored member.

In the fifties, Wallack's Theatre, under the management of the elder Wallack, was situated at the corner of Broome Street and Broadway and under his skilful guidance it had become firmly established as the leading place of amusement. An opening night at this house was looked upon as more than a passing event in the life of the city, and everybody who was considered anybody felt it their duty to be present on such auspicious occasions. Everybody knew everybody in those days, so that the occupants of the orchestra stalls seemed like one large family party, while the youths in the gallery were just as intimate. It seems a long time ago now, although many who frequented the upper gallery of that favorite resort, are still in their prime to-day.

One winter's night in the early fifties, when the streets of New York were knee-deep with snow, the majority of amusement seekers in order to reach the theatres were compelled to use the great open sleighs, drawn by four horses, that jingled up and down Broadway—a journey made a bit exciting by the small boy with his well directed snow-ball.

Notwithstanding the difficult traveling on the night in question, the beauty and fashion of the city were assembling at their favorite place of amusement to witness the first performance of a new play by the then very popular author John Brougham. The play was cast to the full strength of the company which Mr. Wallack had gathered about him including such famous artists as John Lester, (Lester Wallack) John Brougham, actor as well as author, Mr. Blake, Walcot, Dyott, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Conway and Mrs. Brougham. At the bottom of this list of famous names, appeared that of Miss Fanny Dean, followed by the announcement that it was her first appearance on the stage.

Anticipations ran high. It was expected the successful author would add to his already long list of successful plays, while the acting was a foregone conclusion. When the evening was

over, the unexpected which frequently occurs in the theatre had taken place, and an unknown had carried away the honors of the night. The play proved a failure, the parts were unsuited to the performers, while the young slip of a girl, scarcely twenty-one years of age, and without previous stage experience, emerged the heroine of the evening. Her winsomeness and naturalness of acting, coupled with her charming singing and delightful dancing at once established her in the front rank of the favorites of the stage. Lester Wallack in speaking of the occurrence said, "In all my experience I never saw an audience so carried away with enthusiasm, by one so young and inexperienced."

The next day Fanny Dean was the talk of the town, while society, then as now ever on the alert for a new favorite sought her out and made her their own special pet at their private functions. Rival managers endeavored to induce her to desert the Wallack forces, promising to make her a star. This served in a great measure to turn the young girl's mind and she dreamed that the future would be one great blaze of light and success. Unfortunately, during the remainder of her brief stage career she never duplicated her first night's triumph, due in a measure to the fact that no suitable vehicle was found to display her capabilities, and so, to the great theatre-going public, she became numbered among those first night heroes and heroines we see who fret their brief hour upon the stage and are seldom heard of after.

When genius guides and an individual is raised from obscurity to fame, the public demand for information regarding the fortunate one who has gained distinction often tends to spoil the favorite upon whom they lavish their adulation, and they become obsessed with their own importance.

And so it was with the young heroine. While maintaining her ability to entertain at private affairs, she was less and less before the public eye and managers ceased their efforts to engage her. Becoming enamored of a chance acquaintance, met at the house of a well known society leader, she was married, only to find in a few brief days she had made another mistake in her young career. Then, too late, she met the man she really loved, her husband seemingly contented to live upon her earnings, discovering her new attachment, made her life a burden.

One bright spring morning in June, in those earlier days in the life of the great city, when "the oriole swinging on the swaying branch of the sycamore in the old city streets, and the blue bird flying athwart the white blossoms of the horse chestnut, and the robin building her nest in the willow," were common sights along our thoroughfares, the morning papers printed an item telling of the finding of the body of a young girl floating in the waters of Pelham Bay.

Briefly, they referred to the incident—"the body seemed to be that of a well appearing, well dressed, refined looking girl of beautiful features apparently about twenty-one years of age." There were no marks of identification, though the following letter was found in a pocket of her dress.

"Tell me how to face the dreary loneliness of my future. I am a coward and dare not meet it. Such a short time since the world was one great living dream. I am scarcely living now. I cannot sleep or rest for this thing is ever before me. I cannot tell you how much I am suffering. Everything in life once was so sweet, so hopeful, so bright—and now all is desolation. Ask your own heart, if you ought not to be merciful to poor unhappy me."

An investigation set on foot showed that the body was that of the young débutante who scarcely six months previous had heard herself proclaimed that one wonderful night at the theatre. Crowned with glory when winter's snows were about her, she made her farewell appearance upon life's stage when all nature was just wakening with new joys.

In the great Necropolis of New York, there lie buried many of those who in the days gone by delighted with the grace, beauty and art of their profession. Most of the names engraved upon the stones that mark their resting place, are those of famous men and women of the theatre of whom history speaks. In a lonely corner of that great city of the dead, the swaying branches of a willow tree casts fitful shadows over the resting place of the young girl whose career began so auspiciously and ended so sadly. Loving hands of those, who, despite her fault, cherished her memory and grieved for the young life so sadly wasted, caused to be erected a stone representing a vine clinging to a broken column, symbolic of many a path along which reputation is sought but which frequently ends in ruin and decay.

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## A PRESS-AGENT'S NIGHTMARE

John Drew is temporarily abandoning the dress-suit and silk-hat. He is planning a revival of "Rip Van Winkle," with himself in the title-rôle.

Maude Adams has just signed a contract with the Messrs. Shubert to appear in the next production at the Winter Garden.

Lillian Russell will realize a lifelong ambition and appear in Shakespearean repertoire, her rôles including Desdemona, Ophelia, and Lady Macbeth.

Mary Pickford is to abandon ingenue rôles, and will be a vampire in a piece called "The Worst Woman in Paris."

Theda Bara is to abandon vampire rôles, and will be an ingenue in a piece to be produced shortly called "Butter Wouldn't Melt In Her Mouth."

David Belasco has persuaded Eva Tangway to join his galaxy of stars, and the vaudeville favorite will be featured in a comedy entitled "I Don't Care."

William Faversham is to revive "Little Lord Fauntleroy," with himself in the title-rôle, Maxine Elliott appearing as the mother.

William S. Hart is to make his first appearance as a young man-about-town in a society-play now being adapted for the films.

Douglas Fairbanks will take things easy in his next picture. He will portray an invalid, a young man paralyzed from birth, and throughout the entire piece he will not walk a step or move a muscle.



## AMATEUR THEATRICALS

In this department, will be shown each month, the work that is being done by clever Amateurs in the small town, the big city—in the universities, schools and clubs throughout the country.

I shall be glad to consider for publication any photographs or other matter, concerning plays and masques done by amateurs and to give suggestions and advice wherever I can. Write me. *The Editor*

### ORGANIZATION

#### An Important Factor

#### In The Success Of An

#### Amateur Performance



the attention of the director to omissions or mistakes of every sort. In the event of the director's absence, he becomes the *pro tem.* director himself.

It is advisable—though not always possible—to delegate the duties of property man, light-man, curtain man, costume man (or wardrobe mistress) to different persons; but even when this is done, it is better for the stage manager to keep a record of all: "property plots," "light plots," "furniture plots," etc.

It is also the stage manager's business to arrange the time and place of rehearsals, and hold each actor responsible for attendance.

On the occasion of the dress rehearsal and of the actual production, it is the stage manager, and not the director, who supervises everything. His position is that of commander-in-chief. He either holds the book, or is at least close by the person who actually follows the lines; sees that each actor is ready for his entrance; that the curtain rises and falls when it should; that his assistants are each in their respective places; and that the entire performance "goes" as it is intended to go.

#### The Business Manager

THIS person attends to such matters as renting the theatre or arranging some place for the performance—printing and distributing tickets; in short, everything connected with the receipt and expenditure of money. It is not of course imperative that he should have much to do with the director; the only point to be borne in mind being that every one connected with the production of a play should be in touch with those in authority. The business manager ought to have at least a preliminary conference with the director, and report to him every week until a few days before the performance, when he should be within instant call in case of emergency. The property, light, furniture, and costume people must naturally keep in close touch with him, although no purchases should be made without the permission of the director, who in this case must be at one with the club or organization.

#### The Property Man

THE duties attaching to this position are definitely and necessarily limited, but of great importance. Working under the stage manager, he supplies all the objects—such as revolvers, swords, letters, etc.—in a word, everything actually *used* by the actors, and not falling under the categories of "scenery," "costumes," and "furniture."

It will be found necessary in some cases to add to the staff one person whose business it is to attend to the matter of furnishings: rugs, hangings, pictures, furniture, and so forth; but in case there is no such person, the property man attends to these details himself.

It cannot be too strongly urged that from the very first as many "props," as much furniture or as many set pieces as possible (depending on whether the set is an indoor or outdoor one), should be used by the actors. In this way they will be better able to associate their thoughts, words, and gestures with the material objects with which they will be surrounded on the fatal night. If this is impracticable, that is, if most of these objects cannot be secured from the first, then at least some good substitutes should be used. Such fundamentally important articles as the wall in Rostand's "The Romançiers," and the dentist's chair in Shaw's "You Never Can Tell," when used from the first rehearsals, always minimize the danger of confusion of lines or business at the last moment.

The property man must keep a list of everything required; this should be a duplicate of the one in the possession of the stage manager.

#### The Costume Man

AGAIN the duties are simple. If they play is a classic—Shakespeare, for instance,—the costumes, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, had better be rented from a regular costumer. The costume man, then, together with the business manager, attends to the details of renting, and sees that all costumes are ready for the dress rehearsal. If the costumes are made to order, the matter is supervised by the costume man. But, as with everything else connected with the best amateur efforts, there should be some expert adviser, not so much one versed in history and archeology as an artist with an eye for color and style. The director, in any event must be consulted, so that lights, scenery, and costumes may harmonize. Details as to costumes are to be found in many books, and need not here be discussed. In spite of a good deal that has been written to the contrary, historical accuracy is not of vast importance: so long as there are no glaring anachronisms, Shakespeare may be presented with actors wearing pre- or post-Elizabethan costumes, provided they are beautiful, and harmonize.

*The material for this article was taken from Barrett H. Clark's book "How to Produce Amateur Plays," published by Little, Brown & Company*

#### The Director

THE producer, the head under whose guidance the entire work of rehearsing and organization should lie, is called the director. However, since this position is often held by a hired coach or by some one else who cannot be expected to attend to much outside the actual rehearsing, there must be elected or appointed an officer who is directly responsible. This officer is:

#### The Stage Manager

AS the director cannot always be present at every rehearsal, and as oftentimes two parts of the play are rehearsed simultaneously, it is evident that another director must be ready to act in place of the head. It is chiefly his duty to "hold" the prompt-book and keep a careful record of all stage business, "cuts," etc. At every rehearsal he must be ready to prompt, either lines or "business"—action, gestures, crosses, entrances, exits, and the like—and call



# THE OLD PEABODY PEW

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S DELIGHTFUL ROMANCE GIVEN  
IN A NEW ENGLAND MEETING-HOUSE

By Maude Skinner



NONE of us had the slightest doubt about the author's ability to dramatize her charming romance, but one of us had grave doubts about a play being given in a church—it should not be done. Another one whose early histrionic aspirations were fostered by reciting from the platform of the Sunday-school room, "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night," thought that it *could* be done but would not be effective.

The one who had made the pilgrimage for three successive years insisted that this was unique, and explained to the High-Church Lady that a Meeting-House is not bound by the restrictions certain creeds hold: that the place of our destination had been a house of worship for over a hundred and fifty years, yet it was not consecrated in the sense that only religious services could be held there. "And," she added, "after you have seen this entertainment you will admit it has been further sanctified by this innovation."

THE High Church Lady was still dubious, but the New England roads along which we sped were too enchanting for arguments about plays or churches. We were on our way to see the nineteenth performance of "The Old Peabody Pew" acted by members of the Dorcas Society, and in the very church where Kate Douglas Wiggin had laid the scene of her story.

I tried to remind the others that plays of the Middle Ages were acted in churches, but no one listened—the day was too beautiful. Maine was gorgeous in her full harvest, and along the roadsides tall-stemmed golden rod and asters nodded before the stiff sea breeze. We sped past many a farm where Rebecca of Sunnybrook might have stopped to sell soap on the day when she met Adam Ladd; and more than one tidy village suggested the haven to which Mother Carey took her precious chickens. It was a friendly, smiling day and nothing seemed friendlier than the many peaceful burying grounds we passed along the way.

THE Meeting-House of Buxton Corner stands at one end of the village green. Already automobiles were being parked and hearty greetings exchanged among surprised friends who had journeyed from distant places, and thought it unbelievable that any but themselves should know of the Old Peabody Pew. We loitered until the church bell rang and were

then shown to our pew for all the world as if we were going to service. Friends now smiled their greetings but there was no conversation; a feeling of awe pervaded. The High Church Lady whispered to me, "There are no statues,



Mrs. Herman Locke, Mrs. Latham True, Mrs. George Knox, Miss Bertha Pierce, Miss Fannis Milliken, Mrs. Algernon Dyer, Mrs. Walter Thom, and Mrs. Gideon Bradbury... were not even amateurs—they were just the folk of the village—so well did they do their parts

or stained-glass windows." "No," I whispered back, "but isn't this ingrain carpet interesting." I did not then know that the play had to do with the sewing and laying of that very carpet.

THE church bell rang a second time and Kate Douglas Wiggin came down the right aisle—I should explain that the Meeting-House has two aisles leading from the front doors down to the platform. On either side of the platform are the wing pews, (the "Amen corners" as they are sometimes not irreverently called) and these were reserved for the further action of the play—in fact, "The Old Peabody Pew" was the second on the right. Three Gothic chairs on the platform were the only "stage setting," unless one included the spruce boughs placed against the back wall; but they seemed more a symbol of the State than a decoration for the play.—As I said: "The bell rang a second time and Mrs. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin) came down the right aisle to the platform, and in her charming manner told the inception of the love story of Nancy and Justin. How it had come to her one evening when she and other members of the Dorcas Society having sewn and laid the ingrain carpet, noticed for the first time the shabbiness of the pews and not being able to afford fresh paint, they decided to scrub them. Wary from her unaccustomed task she sank down to rest in one of the wing pews and there in the twilight the story came to her. She called it "The Peabody Pew" because Peabody and Pew sounded well together and because so far as she

knew there had never been a Peabody in Buxton Corner. The opening chapters of the book have been arranged into a prologue in verse which she recited with exquisite grace, and then took her seat with the congregation, (I mean the

audience) and down the left aisle came the President of the Dorcas Society followed by other members of the Carpet Committee. The play had begun! They took their places on the platform and as they sewed together the strips of carpet they told the romance of the two lovers. It was so simply told, so full of tender sympathy, and with flashes of keenest wit that we laughed or wept, and often both together all through the hour.

The author had said in her introduction that the players were not professional; that they were not even amateurs; they were just the folk of the village interested in their housewifely cares, and ambitious only for public honors inasmuch as through the financial returns from the play The Dorcas Society could carry on its helpful and charitable work. They may not have understood the art of acting, (does even a professional actor grow so wise?), and not being amateurs they did not know how to *over-act*. They had no stage fright because they were not self-conscious. They had been carefully selected as "types," and then they had faithfully obeyed their trainer. I have seldom seen a better directed piece of work than the manner in which the President of the Dorcas Society, a woman of classic beauty, sat stitching the carpet, pausing to listen to the gossip, her needle poised in the most unconscious attitude. It was the perfection of training.

AT the end of the play as Nancy and Justin walked out together, their faces shining with joy, we could scarcely see them for our own happy tears. The author rose to recite the epilogue, calling each character back to the platform to make a curtsy. By this time they were so true that it seemed they must have really lived and Kate Douglas Wiggin had supernatural power to call their very spirits back to the old Meeting House.

With a sob in our throats and a song in our hearts we followed the players across the green to where on the steps of a hospitable house, Kate Douglas Wiggin stood with Nancy and Justin receiving us as if we were at a wedding reception. It was an experience that will live in our memories.





"JOAN OF ARC"  
PAGEANT  
WITH OUR BOYS  
IN FRANCE



in Pittsburgh, is the story of the maid's career from her departure from Domremy, the little village where she was born, to her tragic death, faithfully dramatized from the official records of her trial. The costumes used were designed with great detail by a member of the Institut de France. Nearly all of Joan's speeches were taken literally from authentic records still in existence. And the play was staged on the steps of one of the most beautiful cathedrals in France, built on the spot where some five centuries ago, Joan had her great vision which sent her out to save France.

THIS modern Joan d'Arc in the person of Mary Young, stood on the steps of the beautiful church and looked out over the same hills as did the maid of old. Seated about her were thousands of modern sons of war, fighting the greatest war the world has ever known—sons of France and adopted sons from over the sea who had answered the call of humanity.

Mary Young's handling of the part was superb. In the first scene she creeps on the stage a shrinking little figure in brown homespun with a black cross hung about her neck, and a starched white peasant's cap upon her shining black hair.

Finally we saw her on the way to the stake, going with faith and courage, crying out cheerfully to those about her, in her beautiful, flute-like voice.

"For now is the land trodden down by its foe. Those who buy it and steal it shall be driven to their own lands. And every little village under the smiling favor of God shall be content when my work is done."

At that moment a strange sound was heard in the air, and the eyes of the audience looked above to see if perchance a sign had been sent from God. Rising over the wooded hillside came one, two, five, ten, sixteen huge American aeroplanes, making straight for the Cathedral, humming a tune of safety in their progress towards us. It was like some monumental omen of victory and peace to come, these huge birds hovering about this modern Jeanne and her many thousand sons of war.

WHEN the pageant was over and the warriors of these great days began to pile into army trucks to take them back to their barracks, the incoming drivers told us of the success that the soldiers of America were making from hour to hour in this record-breaking offensive. And then we knew—we were absolutely certain—that the enemy which had tried to wreck France would soon be driven back to its own soil.

The afternoon's performance will go down in history. Of that there is no question. It will be the talk of the countryside for months to come. And the praise for it goes three ways—to the army which made it possible; to the Y. M. C. A. which conceived the idea and arranged the details; and to the author, Mr. Stevens, and the John Craig Players who were responsible for a wonderfully smooth and intelligent performance.



THE drive on the St. Mihiel salient began on the night of September 12th. Three days later, while the artillery was still struggling to catch up with the infantry, Americans were playing at the village of Domremy a pageant play of the life of Joan of Arc.

The production was made by a combination of the soldier talent department and the Craig players, both under the Y. M. C. A. Rehearsals were directed by Thomas Wood Stevens of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, the author of the play, and by John Craig. Miss Mary Young, leading woman of the Craig Players appeared in the part of Joan and gave a performance powerfully appealing to the type of audience she had before her; very simple, heroic, mystical, and deeply tragic. As Miss Young has for the past six months kept her soldier audiences roaring with laughter through innumerable performances of "Baby Mine," in the Y. M. C. A. huts, the day at Domremy was a day of the most vivid and memorable contrast. John Craig appeared as Bishop Cauchon, and other members of the Craig Players took part, notably Graham Velsey as Charles VII., but the performance as a whole depended not upon the professional actors, but upon the numerous soldier players who had worked through three weeks the most serious rehearsals with Miss Young. As the play allows for about forty speaking parts and numerous silent ones, an opportunity was given to a large number of "outfits" to be represented. Groups came from base hospitals, from the Headquarters Troop, from the cavalry and aviation, from the military police unit, and from various signal corps organizations, as well as a few from the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. stationed in the neighborhood. The rehearsals had been held at various Y. M. C. A. huts, the directors and Miss Young traveling about to work with the various groups. The French people of the village showed a marked interest in the performance and both the Y. M. C. A. and the soldiers found themselves indebted to Monsieur the Curé of Basilica of Jeanne d'Arc for most valuable assistance.

THE story of the play, which was awarded the gold medal of the Joan of Arc Society in America on the occasion of its first performance



# "WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"—FOR AMATEURS ONLY

By VERA BLOOM

THE amateurs can't say any longer that they aren't getting their just dues. President Wilson himself recently launched a national campaign, through the Stage Women's War Relief, for amateurs to use a specially written play, for the benefit of the orphaned waifs of the war.

No less successful playwrights than Harriet Ford and Harvey O'Higgins, with "The Dummy" and "The Argyle Case" to their credit, are responsible for this patriotic product, called "When a Feller Needs a Friend," after Briggs' famous cartoons in the New York Tribune. The Committee on Public Information is co-operating with the Stage Women's War Relief to make it the vehicle of all the societies, clubs, churches, colleges, lodges, schools and Drama League chapters in the country, and they're surely going to get you, if you Do watch out!

THE most brilliant star cast Broadway remembers for many seasons gave the first performance of the play at the New Amsterdam Theatre, Sunday night December 1st. And for weeks beforehand, often with extra Victory matinees to tie them down, those actors and actresses rehearsed as though their entire careers depended on that one appearance.

The proceeds of that performance go toward the publication of the play and the photographs, and will be distributed free, of course, to any amateur association, with the question of royalties waived and a modern play laid in war-time Washington, the amateurs will surely be able to turn in rich returns for the little destitutes in Europe.

The published version will contain the valuable stage directions of Arthur Hopkins, whose innovations have been the talk of Broadway. It was Mr. Hopkins who first perfected the plan of the "fourth wall," making the stage picture complete by arranging his players and properties partly turned from the audience.

Besides, Mr. Hopkins, George Henry Trader gave all his experience as a stage-director to the play, to say nothing of the suggestions offered at rehearsal by the cast.

A PLAY RECOMMENDED TO  
AMATEURS BY THE GOVERN-  
MENT, TO BE PRODUCED FOR  
THE BENEFIT OF THE CHIL-  
DREN ORPHANED BY THE WAR



The all-star cast of "When a Feller Needs a Friend," reading over their parts at the first rehearsal

WITH Viola Allen returned to the stage as a misguided American mother, Charlotte Walker as a motor-corps girl, Janet Beecher as a much-besought heroine. Florine Arnold in one of her droll character parts, Helen Westley, late of the Washington Square Players, in black-face as an old darky servant, Shelley Hull as a Pershing veteran, Paul Doucet as a Blue Devil, Emmett Corrigan as a Military Intelligence officer, Tim Murphy, a Hoover dollar-a-year man, Richard Barbee as Miss Allen's most pro-German son, Maclyn Arbuckle as a darky butler, O. P. Heggie, with a thousand and one ideas of how to win the war, and Holbrook Blinn, A. E. Anson, and William Collier as expressmen, to say nothing of Briggs as the friend the feller needed, the scope of the characters can be best understood.

Collier was the great surprise of the opening night. He came to the theatre merely to see, but

being urged into an expressman's gingham jacket, went on and with his inimitable pantomime and persiflage, really "stopped the show." It simply proved that no one can ever tell which part will "go over" best. Most likely every time this play is produced, a different character will stand out most successfully.

EVERY one of those stars put all their hearts and souls into that production. Maclyn Arbuckle, who declared that his job was to "walk across the stage every time the bell rang," was so afraid some one would forget to ring the thing, that he carried it around and rang it himself.

The others were just as earnest. To save time in studying between scenes they would be scattered around in the wings, waxing dramatic in whispers. They each worked incessantly to develop new and better "business" or to turn a line more neatly. Of course, all of these improvements will be incorporated in the finished play, giving the amateurs the benefit of a score of master dramatic minds.

THE audience that came to give the play a successful send-off was as brilliant as the cast, and paid five dollars apiece to shine! Lillian Russell, William Farnum, Blanche Bates, Cyril Maude, Eugene Walter, Laura Hope Crews, Rachel Crothers, Edgar Selwyn, Olive Wyndham, Louise Closser Hale and the others who filled the New Amsterdam bought their programmes from Chrystal Herne, Helen Tyler, Carol McComas, Margaret Dale, Virginia Fox Brooks, Georgie Caine, Daisy Humphreys, Bijou Fernandez and Mary Boland.

The Stage Women's War Relief at 366 Fifth Avenue, has the copies of the play ready, and they hope the amateurs will follow the President's enthusiasm for the plan. Many of them have, already, and it may be added impetus to know that Secretary Lansing, Secretary Daniels, Franklin K. Lane, Bernard M. Baruch, Governor Whitman and District Attorney Swann of New York are actively behind the campaign.

Those little fellers on the other side have found the friends they needed.

## THE CARLTON ACADEMY PLAYERS

UNDER the direction of John James Kanaley, the students of Carlton Academy, at Summit, N. J., are developing an interesting little community theatre, their idea being to give one-act modern plays, only.

Last year they presented two interesting programs—their first, "The Will" and "Der Tag," by J. M. Barrie, "An Affair of Honor," an original one-act play written by a Columbia University student, and "Miss Civilization," by Richard Harding Davis, the female rôle in the latter being very creditably played by Dayton Lummiss,



who has done female impersonations with marked success.

The first bill of the present season will comprise "The Ghost of Jerry Bundler," "The Stolen Trumps," and "The Man from Barbourville," the latter, an original crook comedy by John Kanaley.

"The Monkey's Paw," and two original plays, "The Sacred Seal," and "His First Story," will make up the second bill, and to keep strictly within the spirit of the "little theatre" movement, Mr. Kanaley plans to make their third bill of the present season, one of original one-act plays exclusively.





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New York





Photos White

The blouse of a three-piece suit whose jacket is shown below,—“one of those new shirts,” as Miss Brady described it, “that fall straight down below the waist line.” Orange-colored velvet embroidered in bright floss and very heavy metal threads, forms the shirt part proper, while the sleeves are of orange chiffon a little lighter in shade than the velvet

And this is the suit itself, of brown duvetyn, with badger collar and cuffs. The lining of the collar is orange velvet, the pipings, pockets, buttons also, and the belt is faced with it. The hat “is a sort of tan duvetyn with a tan thread tassel”

## TYPES—

MISS ALICE BRADY

“SPIRITUELLE” \*

By  
ANNE ARCHBALD



WHICH, in French, I must emphasize, does not in the least mean the same thing as our own word “spiritual,” any more than, as Du Maurier once said, *fausse maigre* means a “false, thin” person. “Spirituelle” to the French means a whole gamut of things, personal charm and brilliance and wit, versatility, a certain elusiveness, all the more sparkling qualities held together by a definite *chic*. You have but to see Miss Brady’s remarkable portrait of Jenny in “Forever After” at the Playhouse, to say nothing of her screen work, to realize that only such a composite adjective describes her.

And Miss Brady “in her attire doth show her wit”—and versatility. One sees brilliant instance of it in “Forever After,” from the pink gingham frock of the sixteen-year-old Jenny in the first act to the later Callot and Lanvin models. Here we show, if somewhat impressionistically, what Miss Brady’s “spirituelle” quality has done in the way of expressing itself in personal clothes.







One of Miss Brady's favorite frocks of blue and white indestructible voile over a white slip. It is cut with a long waist and shows an accordion-pleated organdie ruffle below the skirt hem. Beside the organdie collar there is a great sash of organdie tying in the back

"When it is one's business to wear clothes" why not have those with the new ideas in them?" asks Miss Brady. The note that makes this perfectly plain black velvet frock different from other perfectly plain Black frocks is the Victorian shoulder line of its point de Venise collar and the almost invisible flesh-colored net yoke that rises above it to the neck-line



Photos White

From this small corner work out, with following description, the whole pattern of the dress—a black net embroidered in black jet the skirt in three layers of jet embroidered ruffles. Add a sash of royal blue and scarlet with, at one side, an ostrich pompon of blue and scarlet silver-centered

STAGE AND SCREEN  
BEAR WITNESS TO  
MISS BRADY'S WIT IN  
CHOOSING, AND CHIC  
IN WEARING, CLOTHES



## "WHENAS IN SILK . . ."

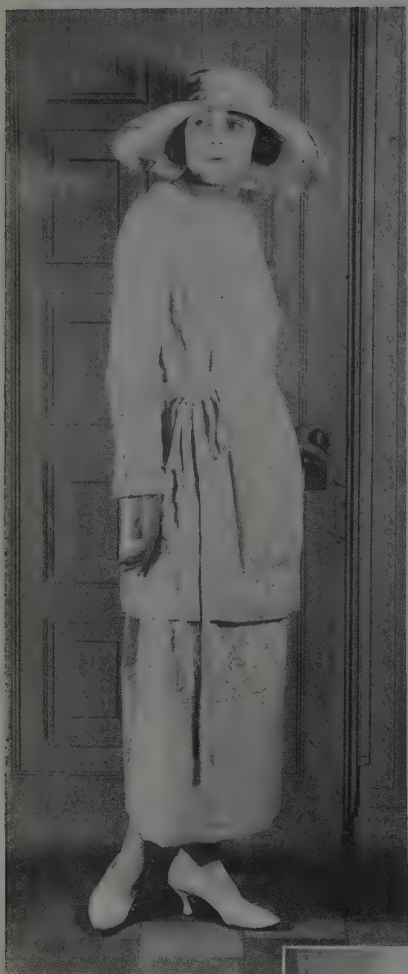
By  
ANGELINA

CONFLICTING emotions have been rending me. Father offered me a somewhat special, alluring, invitation to run down to Palm Beach with him, *à deux*, in the car. I really wanted to accept it. Father is such a duck on occasions like that, when he wants to forget business. He does you awfully well, and we always have the greatest fun. But I do so love New York. I hate to leave it any time even for a day. And especially just now with one's work, and the Opera and the theatres and dancing and skating . . . always a thousand things happening, more than one can keep up with. "It takes all the running you can do," as the Red Queen might say, "just to keep in the same place." And to drop out for two weeks. . .

Young débutante Betty decided the thing for me. I ran in to see her and found her just starting to pack all her pretty fresh clothes for the South.

"You've given me an inspiration, Betty," I said. "You've solved my problem. I'll take the trip to Palm Beach through you, what is it they say, vicariously? I'll see all your new clothes before you go, and you'll write a line-a-day letter after you get there, and tell all about the conquests you make in them, and I'll stay right here in little old New York and find frocks as near like them as I can, and put their photographs in THEATRE MAGAZINE.

(Concluded on page 48)



You couldn't imagine anything more engaging than Betty looked in an oyster white Khaki-kool frock like this, combined with heavy string-colored macramé lace and a matching hat, also of the white Khaki-kool, with a crown of the lace.

A three-piece suit like Betty's black velvet, with smock blouse of white Khaki-kool that buttons down the back, and three-quarters coat, just round the corner, of black velvet lined with Khaki-kool and having a long throw collar of the same. Betty will wear with this a hat of black satin



Or in this white Drap d'Amour, one of the new Malinson spring fabrics, whose name, symbolic of its beautiful quality, should be as effective for charming as a love philtre. Sleeves and skirt bands and belt are of orchid Ruff-a-nuff

And could you fancy a more practical and youthful model for the South and the early Spring and Summer than this coat-suit of tan Ruff-a-nuff, with vestee of white Dewkist? And the little hat is right in the picture, white Dewkist trimmed with brown and tan pussy-willows



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No. 4—Virginia Pearson



Photo by Ira L. Hill

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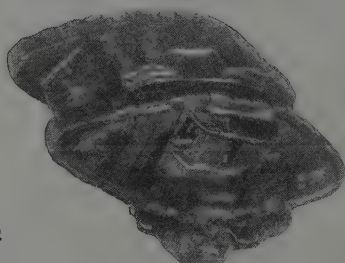
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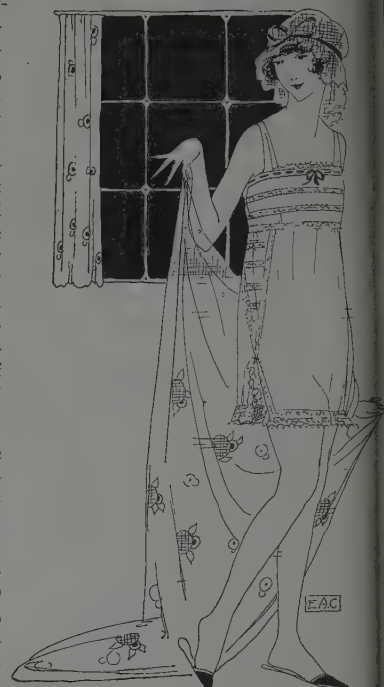
Highest Awards  
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## "WHENAS IN SILK . . ."

(Continued from page 46)

And here they are! Not to pin roses on myself, but wasn't it a happy solution all the way around?

Betty's whole wardrobe is of silk—with the possible exception of her black velvet costume which, however, with its lining and collar and blouse of khaki-kool is more than half silk and doesn't really count—suits, frocks, hats, even down to her corsets and lingerie. And save for the latter, all made of the wonderful Mallinson materials, which have added to their list still further, and if that were possible even more wonderful fabrications, Kumsi - Kumsa, Dew-Kist, Tweed-'em-rough. The Khaki-Kools have new spring dresses. A refrain from one of Sophie Braslau's concert songs left humming around in my head from the night before popped out as soon as I saw them: "Spring is a lovely lady—and so are you!" And as for the quaint and engaging and altogether adorable Mid-Victorian prints of the new Pussy-Willows! ! !



I didn't have to miss the exhibition that Cheney Brothers gave of their new brocades and tapestries for interior decorating. I shouldn't have cared to let that escape. A whole floor given over to the most wonderful fabrics, for curtains and pillows and hangings of all sorts. They've always made a certain amount of stuffs of that kind, but this season they are branching out magnificently and making a special feature of them. You should see the Greenwich Village silks, designed by an artist from the quarter. They are too attractive and amusing....

"Whenas 'in silk my Julia'—or my Betty, or my any Lady Fair 'goes,' she must make a thorough job of it, even down to her lingerie. And this Van Raalte Niagara Maid chemise of flesh pink glove silk and val. should be her pet, because its youthful lines, like a little girl's pinafore, take years off anybody's age

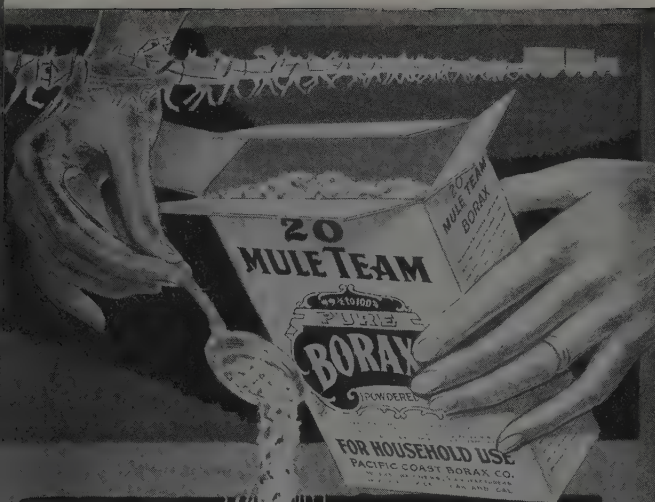
I didn't have to miss either the night that Rosa Ponselle sang again at the Metropolitan. She has a voice as phenomenal in its dramatic quality as Galli-Curci in its lyric, the critics all say. Several of her colleagues had come to hear her. Miss Mary Petersen sat near us, her blonde loveliness arrayed in a frock of white satin with flowing angel sleeves of white chiffon. I was particularly struck with the quality of the satin. It had such a lustre and such a softness combined with such body, a "flop" as I believe a clever silk man likes to call it.

"Would you think it in very bad taste," I asked Miss Petersen on the side as we were all waiting afterwards in the lobby for our cars to be called, "to ask you if your frock is made of a particular kind of satin? I've been noticing it all evening."

"Not in the least, coming from you," responded Miss Petersen to the first part of my question. And further, "It certainly is a particular kind of satin, very particular, *Satin française*. Oh, there's my car. . . Good Night! *Satin française*—don't forget." Nobody would who'd once seen the satin, I said to myself.

Do you know about the Chase Drednaut Motor Topping? Father was talking about it at dinner the other night. Mother was rather teasing him over his car and saying was he going to be smart enough with that for Palm Beach, and didn't he think he should have a new one. Father's a bit of a stickler for all those things. But he said No, he wasn't going to buy a new car just yet: he was bringing his old one into line and making it look like new by having a new top put on. It's the top that means more in the appearance of a car than anything else, Father says, and once that's fixed we'd see that he was smart enough for Palm Beach or anywhere. And the Drednaut Topping is the best to be had. It's a three-layer fabric, though it looks like one, the outside a beautiful, weather-proof non-cracking material, which is held to the inner cloth-finished one by a middle layer of waterproof compound.





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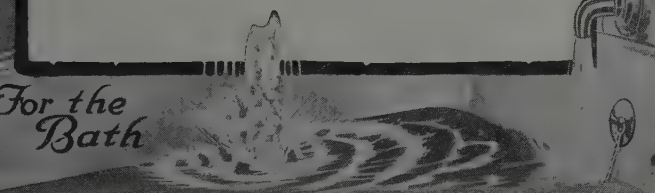
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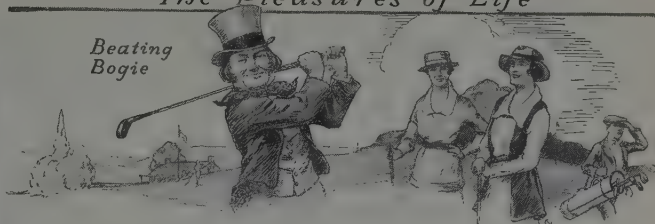
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For the Bath



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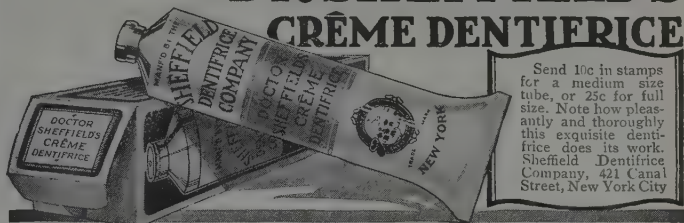
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### AMATEUR THEATRICALS

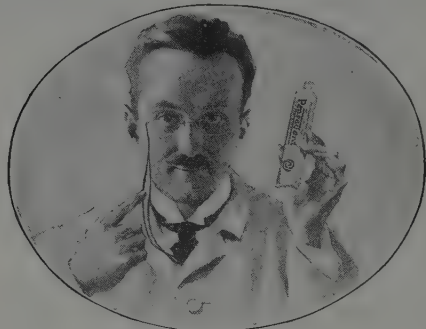
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Every month in the Theatre Magazine



# How Scientists Clean Their Teeth

*All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities*



**The facts stated here have been widely known for some years among dentists and scientific men. But they were not presented to the public until proved beyond dispute.**

People who know—by the hundreds of thousands—are changing their teeth-cleaning methods. And these are the reasons:

The old methods proved inadequate. The best-brushed teeth too often discolored and decayed. Despite the wide use of the tooth brush, statistics show that tooth troubles have constantly increased.

Science found the reason in a slimy film. You can feel it with your tongue. It is constantly forming, and it clings. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays.

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That film-coat absorbs stains,

and the teeth seem discolored. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many other serious diseases.

It is therefore best to brush teeth in ways which can end the film.

Four years ago a way was found to combat that film efficiently. It has now been proved by thousands of tests. To-day it is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent, and we ask you to test it yourself.

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Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

This is not as simple as it seems. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual method is an acid, harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred.

It is now made possible, because science found a harmless, activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method is employed in Pepsodent.

Many teeth-cleaning methods, widely proclaimed, have later been found inefficient. So Pepsodent was submitted to repeated clinical tests, under able authorities, before this announcement.

To-day it is proved beyond question. And the object now is to bring it quickly into universal use.

The method is to offer all a one-week tube for test. Send the free

coupon for it. Use it like any tooth paste, and watch results.

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

Let Pepsodent thus prove itself by a one-week test. See its unique results, know the reason for them. After that, you will not be content to return to old methods of teeth-cleaning.

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[147 A]



## The VANITY BOX



**W**E are having our attention here in New York called to the matter of make-up. A columnist on one of the daily papers has seen fit to criticize the feminine "souls on Fifth." When he has occasion to walk up the Avenue he inveighs against gently then under his breath and strives to exorcise them with the magic incantation, "Wash your faces, wash your faces!" He lauds the drastic treatment of a recently appointed police official, a woman, who carried his exorcism into practice and did actually wash the faces of the feminine delinquents brought under her charge.



**W**HEREAT a beautiful and clever young actress—we won't mention any names, but you all know her—responds to him, taking up the cudgels in our defense.

"How unkind you are!" she tells the gentleman. "Why may we not use powder and rouge? Is it any more artificial than curling the hair, or tottering around on high heels? You say nothing disapproving about either of those.

"As a matter of fact what you really disapprove of, though being a 'mere male' in these matters you don't know it," she continues, "is that the make-up is badly done. It is over-done. The edges are incomplete. The nose is snowed under. The color of the rouge that should harmonize with the natural coloring or with the costume, is wrong. The manner of applying the rouge is wrong. The faces have not been studied to learn where the color would naturally come.



**M**AKE-UP is an art, or it should be. We should start out regarding it the way the French do, frankly and gayly, as an enhancement of the appearance. And then the job should be learned, just as the actress must learn her "cosmetics" for the footlights. One's canvas, the skin, must be kept in fine condition, its texture and grain smooth with creams and "beauty grains," stretched taut with lotions and astringents. One's colors, the rouges and powders and lip salves and eyebrow pencils, chosen so carefully and bought from only the best firms, with authentic reputations behind them.

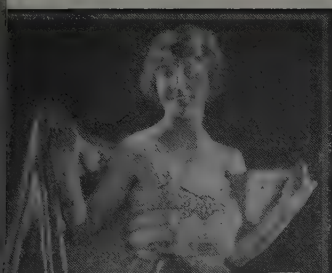
"Personally I don't know what I should do without a bit of rouge on occasions, apart from the stage work. I am busy every minute of the time from morning till night, posing in moving pictures, playing in the theatre. Any minutes left over I must sandwich in with posing for the magazines, or shopping for my clothes, or keeping a social engagement. I get frightfully fagged sometimes, quite grey with fatigue, yet it is imperative to keep at it. And because I am an actress I have always to be on dress parade, never look let down. Which is where that dear old rouge and powder that you execrate come in.

"No, my dear young—very young—man, blame the strenuousness of modern life, if you like, or the method of applying make-up, but not the blessed make-up itself."



**S**O the actress. And if this holds true for her, a beauty, how much more for the less favored women. It is just as true for the society woman and for the business woman. We all, in the competition of life, must look alert and fresh and fit. And if it can't be managed naturally, then it must be managed artificially. A long life and a merry one to *maquillage!*





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## **MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY**

(Continued from page 20)

The authors introduce in the first act the eternal triangle—Peggy Lawrence, a chorus girl in "The Follies," Billy Laidlaw, the husband, Grace Laidlaw, the wife. Both women are deeply in love with Laidlaw and when they meet, each advances reasons why she should have his undivided attention. The United States is now deep in the war and Captain Bert Caswell, who has just returned from abroad, insists that it is the duty of every able-bodied man to go across and do his bit.

The next act we find ourselves in No Man's Land. Peggy Lawrence has left the Great White Way and is now a telephone operator in the advanced lines. By chance she meets Laidlaw.

The English lines have been hurled back. Americans must go right over to fill a gap. Peggy Lawrence must reach headquarters and

have Laidlaw's regiment sent over. If the orders go forth it means his death. She is placed between love and duty. She refuses to telephone and there is no one else to take her place. The other officers try to remonstrate with her—that she is going to sacrifice thousands of men for one. It is not only unfair but criminal. At last she is convinced and she reaches headquarters. A moment later a shell destroys her telephone and she is badly wounded.

The play is at times very dramatic, but it is well constructed and the interest is sustained throughout. It is well acted. Jane Cowl's emotional ability is seen at its best, and Christine Norman, Henry Stephenson and Orme Caldara help make up a splendid cast. There are quite a number of French rôles, respectively taken by Georges Flateau, Georges Deschaux, and Michellette Burni.

## **MUSIC AND MUSICIANS**

(Continued from page 12)

Among the new artists Margaret Romaine—a sister of Hazel Dawn, of musical comedy fame—was one to whom we listened with respect and pleasure and gazed at often; for Miss Romaine satisfies the eye no less than the ear. Her soprano is a true and agreeable lyric and she knows how to sing. Giulio Crimi, the latest tenor to shout lustily for several hundred dollars a night, seems able to do that to perfection; but what art he might utilize in conjunction with a vibrant and sympathetic voice appears still comfortably concealed up his sleeve. Robert Couzinou, a French baritone newcomer, has more histrionic distinction than voice, and the Italian baritone Montesanto—fresh from the war trenches—is allowing his voice to shake as though he were not yet recovered from a chill.

Amongst the concert orchestras we have had during the fall have been programs by New York's immortal three: the visiting Boston Symphony, the New York Sym-

phony, and the Philharmonic. For a time the reconstructed New England organization caused us to gasp unpleasantly, for which temporary conductor Pierre Monteux (loaned by the Metropolitan Opera pending the arrival of Henri Rabaud) was responsible. When M. Rabaud brought back the Boston musicians for the second pair of Manhattan concerts the tonal vociferousness which M. Monteux induced had been replaced by suavity and finish. And M. Rabaud proved himself a conductor who knows what a conductor should be and accomplish, and does so. He made a deep impression on the critics and his two audiences.

Never has Walter Damrosch done so much for the New York Symphony as he has this season, and never has Josef Stransky done so poorly by the Philharmonic. The former orchestra is now one in which we may take pride; but the oldest symphony society in America is laboring heavily and its friends are somewhat dejected.

### **VICTOR RECORDS**

NO opera aria has ever stirred Caruso to such profound depths of emotion as Garibaldi's hymn which he interprets on a new Victrola Record.

Garibaldi's Hymn is stirring at all times, but with the soul of Caruso aroused as he sings it, you never heard anything like it.

Letting our thoughts wander soldierward, while our boys still "over there" are anxiously awaiting the final word that shall bring them to all they hold dear once more there are many of them that have had the vision depicted in "Dreaming of Home, Sweet Home." Charles Harrison sings this song on a new Victor Record. The sentiment is tender, yet the melody is a rather lively march tune. Bells peal forth "Home, Sweet Home" between the verses.

On the reverse of the record Charles Hart and Elliott Shaw present a beautiful duet "Rose of No Man's Land," where their voices blend in fascinating harmony.—Adv.

### **COLUMBIA RECORDS**

PHONOGRAPH owners will find

Columbia dealers presenting a list of new records of exceptional interest this month. One of the most notable in these is a splendid double made by the famous French Army Band which is now touring America. This organization of sixty-one uniformed veterans who have been wounded, from the Marne to Soissons, decorated here, taken prisoner—under the direction of Captain Gabriel Pares—play two of the greatest French military marches "Marche Lorraine" and "Le Pere La Victoire March."

Another record of more than usual distinction is Toscha Seidel's beautiful interpretation of Dvorak's "Humoresque"—"An Art Without Description And An Artist Without A Peer," are the only words which can truly express the greatness of Toscha Seidel's playing of this immortal melody.—Adv.





## EGYPTIAN DEITIES

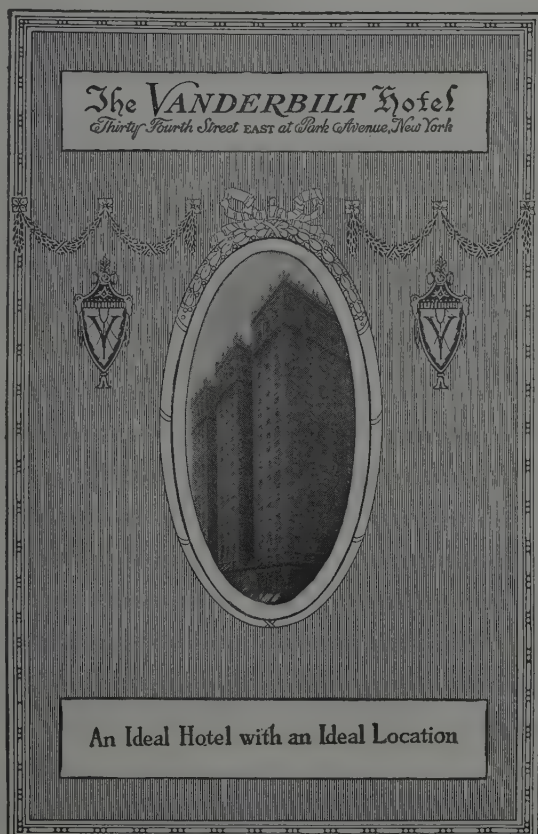
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# MOTION PICTURE SECTION

*Edited by MIRILO*



M I S S   A L I C E   J O Y C E

A scene from Vitagraph's Blue Ribbon Feature,  
"The Captain's Captain," featuring Alice Joyce





## Industries that are winning the war



GRICULTURE, steel, oil, transportation—all indispensable weapons. But there is another weapon to be fittingly grouped with them—a weapon of the heart—*motion pictures!*

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The men and women of vision behind Paramount and Artcraft give their word to the nation that the weapon they wield shall always be kept polished and bright—

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Baby Ivy Ward's next Screen Classics super-feature is entitled "The Great Victory." Baby Ward's rôle is that of a Belgian child around whom much of the story revolves



© Evans

A late photograph of Enid Bennett, who under the direction of Thomas H. Ince has developed into a box-office favorite



Clara Kimball Young as she appears in her latest release "Cheating Cheaters"





## CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Whose luxuriant black tresses are almost as famous as "those eyes" which peep at you from underneath. Clara cannot change her eyes—they speak for themselves—but can change her hair-dress. And she has "done gone and done it." Miss Young has just completed "Cheating Cheaters" and Harry Garson has surrounded her with the greatest cast ever seen in pictures, including Anna Q. Nilsson, Jack Holt, Tully Marshall, Frank Campeau and Edwin Stevens.



## WHY MISS VIRGINIA PEARSON IS FORMING HER OWN COMPANY



**W**HAT wrong impressions, both hearsay and first-hand, we get about people! Half the world is in a constant state of dupe concerning the other half. It would seem to be one of Life's pet "little ironies," wrong impressions. And the hardest thing to change or even modify is a wrong impression that has once got abroad concerning somebody. The less there is to build on as a rule, the more solid the idea.

first screen days, has portrayed every kind of character, "poet and peasant," fine, breezy girls of the Golden West, aristocratic Russian princesses, smart society women, the scent of the vampire clings to her still.

There are even those who believe so firmly in this reputation that they credit Miss Pearson with carrying vampirism into her private life. If you are in on that illusion, sit tight, for I am about to shatter it.

have—for the ensnaring of their victims. And nothing comes ahead of their own advantage and personal comfort. They don't go out and talk themselves hoarse and gloriously fatigue themselves making million dollar record sales on Liberty Bonds, as did Miss Pearson during the past year. And they don't offer their services at the end of strenuous studio days for Red Cross Drives. And they don't believe in fresh air and outdoor sports, do they?



© Underwood & Underwood

Miss Virginia Pearson and her husband, Sheldon Lewis, in the living-room of the charming apartment on Riverside Drive that is their home,—a real home, in every sense of the word

Take Miss Virginia Pearson, for example! When she went on the stage one of the first parts she played was the vampire woman in Robert Hilliard's production of "A Fool There Was," "the only original," little "old and reliable" vamp rôle, I take it, the precursor of all the vamps, baby and grand, of the past four or five years. That, however, was a mere short-period, though triumphant, incident at the very young start of her career.

Shortly after Miss Pearson went into pictures with the Vitagraph Company and was given several vamp rôles to play. It goes *sans dire* that she played them well, extraordinarily well, as she does everything that is given her. To say nothing of having all the requisite physical elements of feminine lure, beauty, and grace, and litheness, and the capacity for getting every inch of value out of the clothes she wears.

These pictures of vampish rôles—and here we come to the beginning of my story and the application of my prelude—went around the country. People, especially women, for whom, statistics claim, such screen portrayals have an even greater fascination than for the male, began to associate Miss Pearson's name with them. And when the jig was up...those beastly first impressions again. Though Miss Pearson, since her

In the first place Miss Pearson has a perfectly good husband. You never heard of any well-brought-up vamp having a husband, did you? Except one she'd lost, or temporarily stolen. Worse and more of it, Miss Pearson has been married to this husband for eight years. Think of it! He is no less a person than Sheldon Lewis, whom you all know as the hero-villain of those Pathé "Iron Claw" and "Clutching Hand" serials, but who is known among the *cognoscenti* for his very fine character work on the stage.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis live in a large, charmingly furnished apartment on upper Riverside Drive. And they are tremendously in love with one another, and frightfully congenial, and so interested in each other's work. They are both quite remarkable people. You hear wherever you go, when Miss Pearson's name comes up, from those who know her well as from those who have just met her, from high and from low, the same exclamatory remark, "Oh, isn't she a charmer?" And whenever Mr. Lewis's name comes up, ditto, ditto—or words to that effect. Women number themselves among Miss Pearson's most affectionate admirers. Oh, dear! It isn't a bit like a real vamp, is it? You can't be a vamp and a "good fellow" at the same time.

Vamps only use their brains—what brains they

Vamps must perforce by their very nature lead such a dull, narrow one-sided life. And if you know the first thing about Miss Pearson you can't think of her in that connection. She is versatility itself. Her genius overflows in all directions, in writing, both poetry and prose, in drawing, in music.

What more natural than that such a personality should have a company all of her own, where she may have free rein for her ambitious many-sided nature, where she may correct any erroneous impressions that have got abroad concerning her, and let moving-picture audiences know her for the immensely human, warm-hearted and brilliantly progressive young woman that she is.

Miss Pearson will probably specialize, at first, on society plays, a particular feature of which will be her beautiful costumes. For among the other things that she does so well, not the least is her aptitude for choosing and wearing clothes. She has a wonderful wardrobe complete in every detail—hats, furs, jewelry, good measure and running over.

These handsome gowns she will devote to her productions and in artistic settings make them share in projecting, as clothes should—I refer you to Robert Edmond Jones—the psychology of the action.



# SPRING STYLES IN PHOTO PLAYS



**W**HEN the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of motion pictures next spring he will get more for the money he invests at the box-office than he ever got before. This is not to say that present pictures are not worth seeing, but that by the time the robins nest again the effects of the war will begin to be manifested in the motion picture theatre.

Please note the distinction: not war plays, but the effect of war on plays. War plays have followed the war off the stage. The smoke bombs have been put away in moth balls; the California fields so recently seamed and furrowed with indifferent trenches and shell holes that provoked the criticism of auditors in khaki have been retransformed into truck gardens or suburban lots and the manuscript readers in the scenario shops have laid aside their gas masks with thankful hearts.

Not that no more war plays will be written; on the contrary THE war play will be written a quarter century or more hence when the dramatist will be able to see the greatest tragedy in human history in its true perspective. For the present everybody is fed up on battles and Kultur and spies and the whole horrific mess. The first task of peace is to enforce surcease of slaughter on the screen.

\* \* \*

**S**PEAKING of the effects of war, the struggle has accomplished so many things that needed doing that in time the world may become reconciled even to Bill Hohenzollern's loss of his job. For one thing the war has obliged all hands to work harder and brag less about it. War has made people think, or think they think; has made them keener, more sincere and more capable of appreciating such qualities on the screen.

Responding to this beneficent influence those who are responsible for photoplays are working to achieve in the early spring crop a marked improvement in theme, in treatment, in direction, in action, in setting, in photography and in sundry other details not herein specifically enumerated. At least, so Robert E. Macalarny, Scenario Editor for the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation thinks, and he ought to know.

To put the same idea in other words, life, including the business of amusing the public, is swinging back to normal, but on a higher level. While the same old forms of dramatic expression will still be employed they will be clothed with a deeper meaning. The policy of the leading producers of motion pictures, according to Mr. Macalarny, will continue to be the purveying of sheer amusement, but the photoplays now in the offing will take up life as

affected by the war. Plays will have more substance, better material, be more skilfully put together.

For instance, we shall still have with us the ingenue play; but if the ingenue thinks she can wag her curls through five reels and get away with it she is mistaken. She will be permitted to retain her curls provided she adds to them much stronger plays.

\* \* \*

**T**HE pulmotor comedy-drama, in which a feebly flickering idea has to be nursed through the plot with oxygen and which went all right during the war when the public would devour anything that would make it forget its troubles, will go into the discard along with the costume play and the fairy tale.

Comedy dramas are wanted more than ever; but they must have form and substance. Also, the public wants to see beautiful women in pretty clothes as it did in the beginning and ever shall want. That is, the drawing-room play is going to show up strong in the spring, despite a marked bucolic tendency in recent productions; but it will be a more human and virile drawing-room play.

The most marked tendency forecast for spring photoplays is the triumphal return of the real honest-to-goodness love story. D. W. Griffith has pronounced love "The Greatest Thing in Life," in his latest production. The discovery may not have been original with him, but the point is that what Griffith says may be depended upon.

\* \* \*

**I**N its swing toward normal conditions the photodramatic pendulum is swinging into oblivion the villainous picture. Billie Burke, Marguerite Clark, Vivian Martin and others have been cordially received in recent photoplays devoid of dark complected male persons of sinister aspect and malevolent purpose. On the other hand Enid Bennett has displayed a persistent predilection for

villains of the deepest dye, preferably Robert McKim, and this in spite of McKim's repeated efforts to murder her. McKim will probably get her yet; for Miss Bennett's judgment has been vindicated by a marked revival of the demand for melodrama, and this, no doubt, will encourage her to continue coquetting with danger. For a melodrama without a villain would be as unthinkable, of course, as a cocktail without the ingredients which will be unprocurable after June 30.

Still, even the villain of melodrama may be reformed and to this task those who are preparing the spring amusement menu are addressing themselves. No more spies nor other representatives of a race that is not mentioned in polite society will be permitted to appear on the screen. The screen will be made safe for discriminating audiences by compelling villains in spring photoplays to depend on brains rather than on cussedness.

And the sign by which the villain is always recognized, his mustache, will also be improved. It will not perk up at the ends because that would recall a party temporarily residing in Holland; but will droop instead. A droop is more saturnine than a perk, anyway.

Speaking on prohibition, how are convivial scenes to be presented after the Demon Rum has been outlawed? Take the scene, for instance, in "Too Many Millions," in which Wallace Reid commemorates the unexpected acquisition of forty-two million dollars by ordering two cocktails at once and drinking them in sight of the audience. Cocktails no longer being in good form, will Wallace express his wild ebullition of joy over his great good luck by cutting back to the well on the old farm and reciting a stanza from *The Old Oaken Bucket*, while he fans himself with his chip hat, or just how will this delicate subject be treated in the expurgated edition which the law, just as like as not, will require on and after July 1?

"My Cousin," Caruso's picture recently released, presents a less knotty problem. In a restaurant scene the great tenor is seen shamelessly ordering a whole bottle of Chianti. Now why would it not be perfectly feasible to cut this scene out entirely after June 30 and instead have Caruso walk down to the footlights and sing "Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine?"

\* \* \*

**H**OWEVER, these technical details are of more interest to the directors than to the public. Of vastly more public concern is the very great artistic improvement impending as a result of experiments that could not be continued during the war. Wilfred Buckland, Art Director of the Famous Players-Lasky Studio at Hollywood, Cal., and who has, perhaps, done more than any other one man to develop artistic settings for motion pictures, expects the screen to follow the lead of the stage in artistic staging, particularly the school represented by Gordon Craig, Granville Barker and others of the radical artists. Mr. Buckland believes in suggesting scenes and appealing to the imagination of the audience.

"I firmly believe," said Mr. Buckland during a recent visit to the metropolis, "that the next few years will see a great many changes in the pictures from the art director's point of view. We shall come to handle scenes in a different way; we shall try to create backgrounds that will emphasize the mood of the scene, that will allow the audience to follow the story without distraction and so give a smoother flow to the narrative."

"Ever since I became identified with motion pictures several years ago I have been an advocate of settings that appealed to the imagination. On the stage and in paintings this tendency has been manifested for some time. The chief advocate of this form of expression on the stage has been Gordon Craig, one of the really big men of the theatre. When Craig first launched his idea he was ridiculed. But anything radical and unconventional meets with that sort of reception, so Craig went bravely on with his work. Curiously enough, many of his ideas were not new, but were a revival of an ancient art of the theatre. Craig's influence spread."

"Artistic progress in motion pictures is necessarily slow, owing to the wide appeal of the screen as an entertainment and the necessity of securing a popular and marketable commodity. But a great advance in the artistic settings of pictures is going to take place in the near future. Now that the war cloud has been dispelled the screen art will again become more experimental and progressive."



"Maud Muller"—or rather, Vivian Martin—pitched the hay mow full of hay in "Little Comrades," a recent Paramount picture. Signs are that bucolic plays will fill a less important place in future theatre programs





Ethel Barrymore and George M. Cohan  
Miss Barrymore is starring in Metro's  
photo-version of W. Somerset Maug-  
ham's play "Lady Frederick"

Ann Little, a coming favorite  
in Paramount pictures



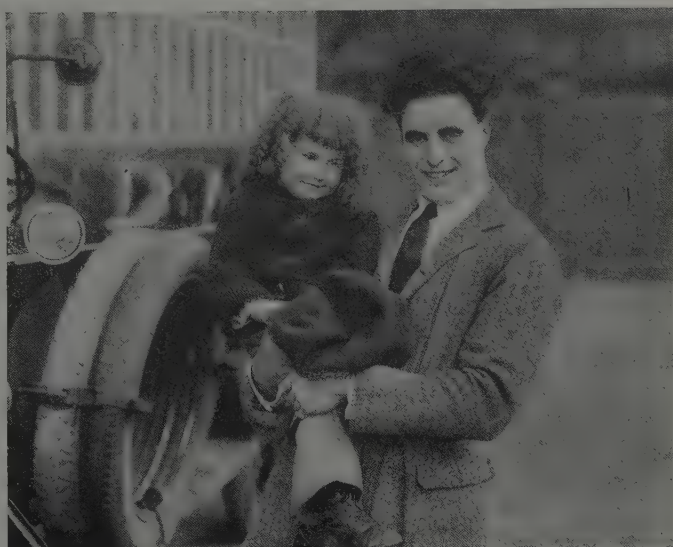
© Evans

Charles Ray, who has added sun-  
shine to the life of the movie fan



© Evans

A picture of George Walsh, Fox  
star, at his favorite pastime—that  
of capturing the heart of a youngster  
whom George has long admired





# MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES



STRAND. "THE HELL CAT," with Geraldine Farrar. "The Hell Cat" was written by Willard Mack and is a Goldwyn production. It is also the poorest picture the Strand has shown in some time. The story and direction are abominable and any ability that Geraldine Farrar may have is entirely wasted. The story without rhyme or reason, is so ridiculous that the audience was constrained to laugh at those moments designed to be the most serious. If "The Hell Cat" is entertainment, Nat Goodwin is a bachelor.

RIVOLI. "MY COUSIN," with Enrico Caruso. Adolph Zukor presents Enrico Caruso, in "My Cousin," story and scenario by Margaret Turnbull, directed by Edward Jose. Caruso takes to the pictures as a

duck takes to water. It was no light task to write a story for an opera singer and that singer of the male sex. But Margaret Turnbull overcame this difficulty in a most creditable manner. Caruso plays a double rôle and will delight any audience. He is ably supported by Caroline White. Edward Jose's direction is also worthy of comment. Altogether "My Cousin" with Caruso is a delightful surprise.

STRAND. "A PERFECT LADY," with Madge Kennedy. Goldwyn Pictures Corp. present Madge Kennedy in "A Perfect Lady," by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf, directed by Clarence Badger. A charming story admirably depicted, well cast, ably directed, and equally well titled. Madge Kennedy is at her

best in "A Perfect Lady" and will charm any audience. There are many laughs in this picture and Jere Austin, Walter Law, Rod La Rock, Mae McAdoy all help to put this feature over the top.

RIVOLI. "UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE," with Elsie Ferguson. H. V. Esmond is responsible for "Under the Greenwood Tree." The screen version is a delightful picturization of a semi-rural story which tells all about a girl—in this case Elsie Ferguson—who has everything that money can buy, and an overwhelming desire for those things which money cannot buy. She gets a taste of the latter, finds the man of her choice and all ends well. Miss Ferguson is all that can be asked for in this production.

STRAND. "TOO MANY MILLIONS," with Wallace Reid. An impossible story, more or less overacted in spots, especially by Wallace Reid, who in the beginning of the picture is entirely too obvious of the camera. Wally has Forty Millions to spend and has a terrible time doing it. The audience that sees this picture is more to be pitied than scorned.

RIALTO. "FUSS AND FEATHERS," with Enid Bennett. "Fuss and Feathers" is directed by Fred Niblo, which is nothing to his credit. The story is old, considerably out of date and lacks "pep." It seems strange that Thomas Ince who has a good bet in Enid Bennett, cannot find better material for her pictures. This picture becomes very tiresome, particularly toward the end.

## UNWINDING THE REEL



EFFECTIVE January 1 and weekly thereafter, Goldwyn Distributing Corporation will release and exclusively control the distribution of the Ford Educational Weekly in the United States. This move is brought about under a contract signed in December by executives of Goldwyn and Fitzpatrick & McElroy, of Chicago, sole representatives of the Ford Motor Company's motion picture laboratories, after a conference with Henry Ford's representative, Ambrose Beardsley Jewett.

For four years the millionaire Detroit motor car manufacturer has nursed and developed a motion picture weekly. The preparation of the Ford Educational Weekly involves an annual cost well in excess of \$600,000, and has made it necessary for its owner to equip at his Detroit plant motion picture laboratories more skilfully equipped and maintained than many of those operated by the large producing organizations.

The humanness and range of Mr. Ford's mental interests is indicated in some measure by his screen weekly and by the topics he insists it shall depict. It is both current and permanent in its appeal. It is a scenic, a travelogue, a historical record, a portrayer of industry in many of its phases, a stimulator of patriotism and efficient citizenship. Contrary to occasional belief, this educational weekly is not designed as an advertisement for its owner's automobile enterprise.

In the last two years the distribution of the Ford Educational Weekly has been in the hands of independent picture exchanges, where it was booked weekly in 3,000 theatres. The assumption of its distribution by Goldwyn is expected to at once give his unusual weekly bookings in

more than 5,000 theatres each week, with the ultimate aim of acquiring 7,000.

"Where many of us in the industry are devoting ourselves exclusively to dramatic productions," said Samuel Goldfish, "Mr. Ford has realized the necessity of a great screen educator. He has placed his tremendous resources behind his screen weekly with no thought of profit, but because he felt that this weekly would do something big and significant for the American public—and do it continuously.

"This weekly is available at a minimum of cost to exhibitors everywhere, and we shall maintain its absolute independence of all other productions either produced or marketed by Goldwyn. It is immediately accessible to churches, lodges, farmers' organizations and granges. I am informed from Detroit that one of the Ford Educational Weekly's big forthcoming plans is to cover the vital and dramatic reconstruction work of the European nations with a thoroughness for which the editors of the weekly are noted."

All prints of the previous issues of the Ford Educational Weekly will be withdrawn from circulation under previous distributing arrangements, and Goldwyn will have the sole and exclusive field during the new year.

AN account of the reasons for the making of "Belgium, the Kingdom of Grief," would be of interest to the many thousands who will see this story of the struggle of Belgium for liberty, peace and happiness, their accomplishments in art, science and education, during the years of peace under Leopold I. and Leopold II. and the early years of the reign of King Albert

I., and the sorrow and desolation that has come upon them since the beginning of this world war.

EARLY in 1914, the war clouds began to gather and the Germans became more open in their suggestion that, in case of war, it would be necessary for them to cross Belgium in their march to France. Sometime before, it had been proposed that a picture be made showing the complete history of Belgium from the days of the revolution in 1830, when they separated from the Netherlands, down to 1914, as a record for the archives of the Government, but it was only when urged that such a picture would have a strong appeal to those countries which by the treaty of 1839 guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium and caused them to keep faith and help her to maintain her neutrality, that the Government decided to produce this picture.

One important event followed another until it seemed almost impossible to end the picture, so it was officially declared finished and the assembling of the scenes began. It was then learned that the original negative of the early historical part had been confiscated by the Germans and probably destroyed, but a print had been sent to Paris and later brought to this country, where a new negative was made and English titles substituted.

The object in bringing it to the United States was to show what Belgium had suffered in the cause of freedom and democracy.

It is a source of satisfaction to the Belgians that the early historical part was made before the war, for owing to changed conditions and

damaged buildings, it would be impossible for many to be produced to-day. The people who now have charge of it are pledged to send a copy of the completed picture to King Albert, who named the picture and fostered its production. This copy will find a resting place, as first intended, in the archives of the Government of Belgium.

"Belgium, the Kingdom of Grief," is being handled by the Maytrix Photo-play Company.

So the summer of 1914 found the production well under way and no effort was spared to make the scenes authentic and realistic, which was not a difficult task as the streets, parks, palaces and other buildings were little changed, thus enabling them to stage the scenes on the exact spots where the events occurred in 1830.

Uniforms, saddles, guns and accouterments were taken from the Museum of Brussels for the proper costuming of the players. Finally, the picture was completed, but too late to serve its purpose, for the treaty of 1839 had been declared a "scrap of paper" and the actual invasion of Belgium had begun.

The director believed his picture finished and his work ended, but he found it had barely begun. Here was real history in the making and the scenes were staged and the action supervised by Director William Hohenzollern. The dangers incurred in those early days of the war by the cameramen would make a wonderful story and some day it will be written. This picture tells the story of the little army that marched bravely to repel the invaders, and it is that act more than mere sympathy for her sorrows that has endeared Belgium to the civilized world.





Edwin Carewe, who directed the Metro's production of "Pals First," the last of Harold Lockwood's pictures, before that star's untimely death



© Evans

Constance Binney, leading lady in Maurice Tourneur's production of "Sporting Life," a Paramount-Art-craft special



A scene from "I Want to Forget," a William Fox production, starring Evelyn Nesbit. Notice how gently the leading man is treating the star

Gloria Swanson as she appears in Cecil B. de Mille's production "Don't Change Your Husband," an Art-craft picture



"The Unpardonable Sin" by Robert Hughes, starring Blanche Sweet, will be seen at one of Broadway's leading theatres within a short time. This picture was produced by Harry Garson and directed by Marshall Neilan

"The Man Who Wouldn't Tell" is the title of Earl Williams' latest Vitagraph Blue Ribbon Feature. He does look stubborn, doesn't he?



Bessie Barriscale doing a little secret servicing on her own account in her newest photo-play "The Fair Imposter"





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DISREGARDED, AND STEVENSON,  
MACAULEY, LAMB AND ALL THE  
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# THEATRE MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1919



THERE was once a man who lived in Skelawagkonk — which everybody knows is a very sleepy town.

He was the local oracle, and on cold wintry nights he would entertain the neighbors who gathered around his fireplace, with tales of the wondrous scenes he had seen at the "theatey" in New York, and of the players he had met. He would relate amusing anecdotes of the personal experiences of favorite stars until the folks believed that he had actually dined with them.

His fame spread far and wide. He was reputed the most up-to-date and interesting man in town. And he was! Didn't he know the latest doings of the theatre in the big cities? Didn't he know what movies were about to be released, and what stars would appear in them.

Of course he did! And he deserved his fame! He was a regular reader of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Moral: Follow the man from Skelawagkonk and subscribe now!

ARE women as wicked as the stage makes them appear?

Florence Reed, who of late years has attracted particular attention by her portrayal of daring and sensuous rôles, is well fitted to discuss this subject.

As the courtesan in "The Wanderer," the slave girl in "Chu Chin Chow," and in her present rôle in "Roads of Destiny" she has acted with so much versimilitude, that it is easy to see that she is expert in the wiles such women employ.

In the next issue she says: "If the theatre were to adapt to the stage the true wickedness of the world, it would be too unpleasant for the audience to endure."

A startling and truthful article in the March number!

WHAT is personality?

It is the thing that made Maude

Adams one of the richest women on the stage. It has made the fame of many others.

Personality is an asset in most people. In players it is everything.

There was a time when the art of the actor compelled him to submerge his identity, but to-day all the actor needs is personality to play himself.

Would Billie Burke be as popular without her sweetness, Laurette Taylor without her pathetic charm, John Drew without his faultlessly fitting coat, Lou Tellegen without his strenuous love-making?

Mildred Cram analyzes this question with her usual subtlety and wit in the March issue.

## IN THIS ISSUE

VIOLET HEMING	Cover
FAY BANTER	Frontispiece
THE STAGE AND THE NEW WORLD	Rev. Ernest M. Stires 68
SENTIMENT AND SPIRITUALISM ON BROADWAY—	Full page of scenes 69
PERSONALITY PICTURES	Zoe Beckley 70
NEWS IN PICTURE AND TEXT—Full page of portraits	71
MUSIC AND MUSICIANS	Pierre V. R. Key 72
HIGHLIGHTS IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC—	Full page of pictures 73
GEORGE GAUL—VERSATILITY PLUS	Leslie Curtis 74
ETHEL STANARD—Full page portrait	75
IN THE SPOTLIGHT	76
MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY	77
“Dear Brutus,” “A Little Journey,” “The Gentle Wife,” “East Is West,” Fritz Leiber as Hamlet, “Somebody’s Sweetheart,” “The Voice of McConnell,” “Back to Earth,” “The Invisible Foe,” “The Melting of Molly,” “Tillie,” “Keep It to Yourself” and “Listen Lester.”	
PLAYS OF PECULIAR CHARM—Full page of scenes	81
STAGE DEVICES	Brander Matthews 82
JANE COWL—Full-page portrait	83
SOME MEMORABLE FIRST NIGHTS	Harold Seton 84
WITH THEATRE FOLK EVERYWHERE—	Full page of pictures 85
REVIVING GILBERT AND SULLIVAN	Randolph Edgar 86
MUSICAL COMEDIES AND A COMEDY WITH MUSIC—	Full page of scenes 87
A PLEA FOR THE SOLILOQUY	Ray Henderson 88
THEATRE THOUGHTS	Hubert Savile 88
AS BROADWAY SEES THEM—Full page of portraits	89
ON GOING ON THE STAGE	Winifred Ward 90
POPULAR PLAYERS IN POPULAR PLAYS	—Full page of portraits 91
DO YOU KNOW THAT—	92
LEADING MEN AND A NEW HAMLET	93
WHO’S WHO ON BROADWAY	94
FRENCH FARCE AND A TOUCH OF THE ORIENT—	Full page of scenes 95
BEHIND THE SCENES IN “STOCK”	Fred Gilbert Blakeslee 96
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS	96
PLAYERS OF TALENT AND PERSONALITY—	Full page of portraits 97
THE MOST STRIKING EPISODE IN MY LIFE	Florence Nash, Chauncey Olcott, Jeanne Eagels 98
AMATEUR THEATRICALS	99
FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS	Anne Archbald 104
MOTION PICTURE SECTION	Edited by Mirilo 117

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POSSIBLY the biggest sensation in the theatre in the last few seasons were the Dunsany plays.

This titled soldier-playwright has brought to the stage not only a great poetic gift, but something new, startling and unusual. Unquestionably a new, virile force in the theatre.

Who can forget the thrill in "A Night at an Inn," a play which made all New York gasp, or the picturesqueness and dramatic moments in "The Gods of the Mountain."

Lord Dunsany has come to America to join forces with Stuart Walker, of Portmanteau fame, a producer with whom we must reckon because of his courage and originality.

In a joint interview in the next number, Ada Patterson will tell you more about Lord Dunsany and his interpreter, Stuart Walker.

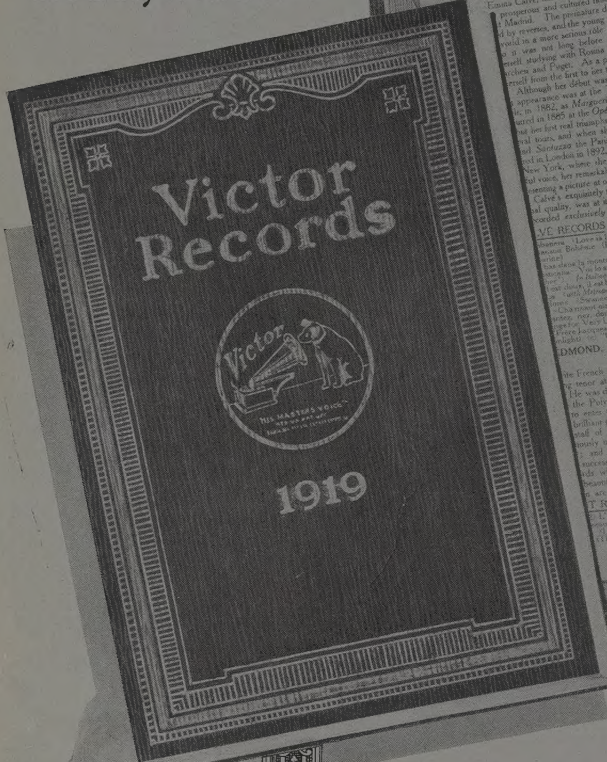
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